Sir *Thomas Overbury*

HIS

WIFE.

WITH

ADDITIONS

OF NEW

CHARACTERS,

and many other *Witty*

Conceits never before Printed.

LONDON,

Printed for *William Shears* at the Bible in St. *Pauls* Church yard neer the little North doore,

1655.

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To the Reader.

HE generall acceptance of this matchleſſe *Poem* the *Wife*, (written by SIR *Thomas Ouerbury*) is ſufficiently approved by many, the worth whereof if any other, out of malice, ſhall neglect to commend, he may well (if it proceed from nice Criticiſme) bee excluded as Churliſh Retainer to the Muſes: if from direct plain-dealing, hee ſhall bee degraded for inſufficiencie: For had ſuch a *Poem* beene extant among the ancient Romancs, although they wanted our eaſie conſeruations of wit by Printing, they would haue

committed it to braſſe, leſt iniurious time might depriue it of due eternitie. If to conuerſe with a creature ſo amiable as is here deſcribed, be thought difficult, let the contemplation thereof be held admirable. To which are added (this twelfth impreſsion) many new *Characters* and *witty Conceites*, written by himſelfe and others his friends. Howſoeuer, they are now expoſed, not onely to the Iudicious, but to all that carry the leaſt ſcruple of mother wit about them.

Licet toto nunc Helicone frui — Mar. Lau. Li'ſle.

Elegies of ſeuerall Authors, on the vntimely death of Sir *Thomas Ouerbury* poyſoned in the Tower.

Vpon the vntimely death of Sir Thomas Ouerbury.

TWould eaſe our ſorrows, t'would releaſe our teares,
Could we but heare thoſe high celeſtiall Spheares
Once tune their Motions to a dolefull ſtraine,
In ſympathy of what we Mortalls plaine.
Or ſee their faire Intelligences *change*
Or face or habit, when blacke Deeds, ſo ſtrange,
As might force pittie from the Heart of Hell,
Are hatcht by Monſters, which among vs dwell.
The Stars me thinkes, like 'men inclinde to ſleepe,
Should through their Chryſtall caſements ſcarcely peepe,
Or at leaſt view vs, but with halfe an eye,
For feare their chaſter Influence *might deſcrye*
Some murdering hand, imbru'd in guiltleſſe blood,
Blending vile iuices to deſtroy the good.
The Sunne ſhould wed his beames to endleſſe Night,
And in dull darkneſſe canopie his Light,
When from the ranke ſtewes of adulterous Breaſts,
Where euery baſe vnhallowed Proiect reſts,
Is belcht, as in defiance of his ſhine,
A ſteame, might make euen Death it ſelfe to pine.
But theſe things happen ſtill, but ne're more cleare,
Nor with more luſtre did theſe lamps appeare:
Mercury *capers with a winged heele,*

As if he did no touch of ſorrow feele,
And yet he ſees a true Mercurian kill'd,
Whoſe birth his Manſion with much honour fill'd,
But let me not miſtake thoſe powers aboue,
Nor taxe iniuriouſly thoſe Courts of Ioue.
Surely, they ioy to ſee theſe Acts reueald,
Which in blinde ſilence haue beene long concealed;
And Vertue now triumphes; whilom we mourne,
To thinke that eve ſhe was foule Vices ſcorne:
Or that poore Ouer-buries *blood was made*
A ſacrifice to Malice, and darke ſhade.
Weſton *thy Hand that* Couvre-feu **Bell** *did ſway,*
Which did his life to endleſſe ſleepe conuay.
But reſt thou where thou art; Ile ſeeke no glorie
By the relation of ſo ſad a ſtore.
If any more were priule to the Deed,
And for the crime muſt be adiudg'd to bleed,
To Heauen I pray, with heau'd vp hands and eyes,
That as their Bodies fall, their ſoules may riſe.
And as thoſe equally turne to one duſt,
So theſe a like may ſhine among the iuſt.
And there make vp one glorious conſtellation,
Who ſuffered here in ſuch a differing faſhion. D. T.

To the Memory of that generally bewayled Gentl. Sir *Thomas Ouerbury.*

BVt that w'are bound in Chriſtian pietie
To wiſh Gods will be done; and Deſtinie
(In all that haps to Men, or good, or ill)

Suffer'd

Suffer'd, or ſent, by that implored Will; (Breath
Me thinkes, t'obſerue how Vertue drawes faint
Subiect to ſlanders, Hate, and violent Death,
Wiſe men kept low, others aduanc'd to State,
Right checkt by wrong, and ill men fortunate;
Theſe mou'd the Effects, from an vnmoued Cauſe,
Might ſhake the firmeſt faith; Heauens fixed Lawes
Might caſuall ſeeme: and each irregular Sence
Spurne at iuſt Order, blame Gods Prouidence.
But what is man, t'expoſtulate th'Intents
Of his high Will, or iudge of ſtrange Euents?
The riſing Sunne to mortall ſight reueales
This earthly Globe; but yet the ſtarres conceales;
So may the Sence diſcouer Naturall Things;
Diuine aboue the reach of Humane wings.
Then not the Fate, but Fates bad Inſtrument
Doe I accuſe in each ſad Accident:
Good men muſt fall, rapes, inceſts, murders come;
But woe and curſes follow them by whom:
God Authors all mens Actions, not their ſinne,
For that proceeds from deu'liſh luſt within.
Thou then that ſufferd'ſt by thoſe formes ſo vile,
From whom thoſe wicked Inſtruments did file
Thy droſsie part, to make thy Fame ſhine cleare,
And ſhrine thy ſoule in Heauens all glorious ſphere,
Who being good, nought leſſe to thee befell,
Though it appear'd diſguis'd in ſhape of Hell;
Vaniſh thy bloud and Nerues; True life alone
In Vertue liues, and true Religion;
In both which thou art deathleſſe: O behold,

(If thou canſt looke ſo low as Earths baſe mold)
How dreadfull Iuſtice (late with lingring foot)
Now comes like VVhirle-winde! how it ſhakes the (root
Of loftie Cedars; makes the ſtately Brow
Bend to the foot! how all men ſee that now
The breath of infamie doth moue their ſailes,
VVhiles thy deare name by loues more hearty gales
Shall ſtill keepe VVinge, vntill thy Fames extent
Fill eu'ry part of this vaſt Continent.
Then you the Syre of this murdered Sonne;
Repine not at his Fate; ſince he hath wonne
More Honour in his ſufferance; and his Death
Succeded by his Vertues endleſſe Breath.
For him, and to his Life and Deaths example,
Loue might erect a Statue; Zeale a Temple:
On his true worth the Muſes might be ſlaine,
To die his honours VVeb in pureſt Graine. *C. B.*

Vpon the vntimely Death of the author of this ingenious Poem Sir Thomas Ouerburie *Knight, poyſoned in the Tower.*

SO many *Moones*, ſo many times gone round,
And roſe from *Hell*, and *darkneſſe* vnder ground,
And *yet till now, this darkned deed of Hell*
Not brought to light? O tardie *Heauen*! *yet tell*
If *Murtner* layes him downe to ſleepe with *Luſt*
Or no? reueale, as *thou* art *Truth*, and *Iuſt*,
The *Secrets* of this vniuſt Secure *act*,

And

And what *our Feares* make vs ſuſpect, *compaſt*
With greater deeds of miſchiefe, for alone
VVe thinke not *This*, and doe ſuſpect yet *One*,
To *which* compar'd, *This* but a *falling Starre*,
That a bright *Firmament of Fire*: Thy *Care*
VVe ſee takes *meaner things*: *It* times the *World*
The *Signes* at randome through the *Zodiack* hurld,
The *Stars* wild wandrings, & the glib quicke *hinges*
VVhich turne both *Poles*; and all the *violent changes*
It ouer-lookes, which trouble th'endleſſe courſe
Of the high Firmament: *by thy bleſt Force*
Doe hoarie winter froſts make forreſts bare
And ſtraight to Groues againe their ſhades repayre,
By *Thee* doth *Autumnes Lyons flaming Maine*
Ripen the fruits: and the full yeare ſuſtaine
Her burdened powers: *O being ſtill the ſame*,
Ruling ſo much, and vnder *whom* the frame
Of this vaſt world, weigh'd, all his *Orbes* doſt guide,
Why are thy Cares of men no more applide?
Or if: why ſeem'ſt thou ſleeping to the *Good*,
And *guarding* to the *Ill*? as if the *brood*
Of beſt things ſtill muſt Chance take in command,
And not thy *Prouidence*: and *Her blind Hand*
Thy *Benefits* erroneouſly diſburſe,
Which ſo let fall, ne're fall but to the *worſe*?
Whence *ſo great crimes* commit the *Greater* ſort,
And boldeſt acts of ſhame blaze in the *Court*:
VVhere *Buffones* worſhip; in their *riſe* of *State*,
Thoſe filthie *Scarabs*, whom they *Sense*, and *Hate*,
Sure things meere *backward*, *there*; *Honour* diſgraſt,

And

And *Vertue* layd by *Fraud*, and *Poyſon* waſte:
The *adult'rer vp like Haman*, and ſo *Sainted*:
And *Females modeſtie* (as *Females* painted)
Loſt in all reall worth: what ſhall we ſay?
Things ſo farre out of frame, as if the day
Were come wherein another *Phaeton*
Stolne into *Phœbus waine*, had all miſſe-run
A *cleane contrary way*: O powerfull *God*,
Right all amiſſe, and ſet th'old period
Of *Goodneſſe*, in his place againe: *This deede*
Be *Vſher* to bring forth the *Maske*, and *Weed*
Where vnder, blacker things lye hid perhap,
And yet haue Hope to make a ſafe eſcape.
Of *This*, make knowne, why ſuch an inſtrument
As *Weſton a poore ſeruing-man* ſhould rent
The frame of *this ſad-good-mans* life: did he
Stand with this *Court-bred* learn'd OVERBVRIE,
In ſtrife for an *ambaſſador ſhip*? no,
His *Orbe* held no ſuch *light*: what did he owe
The *Prophet*, malice, for compoſing *this*,
This Cynoſura in neat *Poeſis*,
How *Good* and *Great* men ought, and *all*, to chuſe
A *chaſt*, *fit*, *noble Wife*, and the abuſe
Of *Strumpets* friendly ſhadowing in the ſame,
Was this his fault? or doth there lye a flame
Yet in the embers not vnrack't, for which
He dy'de ſo falſly? *Heauen* we doe beſeech
vnlocke the ſecret, and bring all to view,
That Law may purge the bloud, Luſt made vntrue.
W. S.

An

An Elegie consecrated to the memory of the truly worthy and learned Sir Thomas Ouerburie *Knight.*

HAd not thy wrong, like to a wound ill cur'd,
Broke forth in death; I had not beene assur'd
Of griefe enough to finish what I write.
These lines, as those which doe in cold bloud fight
Had but come faintly on; for euer, he
That shrines a name within an *Elegie*,
(Vnlesse some neerer cause doe him inspire)
Kindles his bright flame at the *Funerall* fire.
Since passion (after lessening her extent)
Is then more strong, and so more eloquent.
How powerfull is the hand of *Murther* now!
Was't not enough to see his deare life bowe
Beneath her hate? but crushing that faire frame,
Attempt the like on his vnspotted *Fame*?
O base reuenge! more then inhumane fact!
Which (as the *Romanes* sometime would enact
No doome for *Patricide*, supposing none
Could euer so offend) the vpright *Throne*
Of *Iustice* salues not: leauing that intent
Without a *Name*, without a *Punishment*.
Yet through thy wounded *Fame*, as thorow these
Glasses which multiply the *Species*,
We see thy vertues more; and they become
So many *Statues* sleeping on thy *Tombe*.
Wherein confinement new thou shalt endure,
But so; as when to make a *Pearle* more pure

We giue it to a *Doue*, in whose wombe pent
Sometime, we haue it forth most orient.
Such is thy lustre now that venom'd *Spight*
With her blacke Soule dares not behold thy light,
But banning it, a course beginnes to runne
With those that curse the rising of the *Sunne*.
The poyson that workes vpwards now, shall striue
To be thy faire *Fames* true *Preseruatiue*.
And witch-craft that can maske the *vpper shine*,
With no one cloud shall blinde a ray of thine.
And as the *Hebrewes* in an obscure pit
Their *holy Fire* hid, not extinguish'd it,
And after time, that broke their bondage chaine,
Found it, to fire their sacrifice againe:
So lay thy *Worth* some while, but being found,
The *Muses altars* plentifully crownd
With sweete perfumes, by it new kindled be,
And offer all to thy deare Memorie.
Nor haue we lost thee long: thou art not gone,
Nor canst descend into *Oblivion*.
But twice the *Sunne* went round since thy soule fled,
And onely *that time* men shall terme thee dead,
Hereafter (raisd to life) thou still shalt haue
An *antidote* against the silent Graue.

W. B. Int. Temp.

Vpon

Vpon the vntimely death of SIR Thomas Ouerbury.

IF for to liue be but a miſery,
If by death good men gaine eternity,
Twas friendly done in robbing thee of life,
To celebrate thy nuptials with thy Wife;
So that his will no other ayme intended,
But by exchange thy life ſhould be amended:
Yet wert to compaſſe his vnſatiate luſt,
He this laſt friendſhip tendred to thee: truſt
VVhiles he diſhonor'd and defam'd may die,
Iuſtice and Fame, ſhall crowne thy memorie.

B. G. *medij Temp.*

In obitum intempeſtiuum & lachrymabilem Illuſtriſsimi Equitis aurati THOM. OVERBVRI magnæ *ſpei & expectationis Viri.*

HOw euer windie miſchiefe raiſe vp high
Darke thickning clouds, to powre vpon vs all
A tempeſt of foule rumors, which deſcry
Thy hard miſhap and ſtrange diſaſtrous fall,
As if thy wounds were bleeding from that hand,
Which rather ſhould haue raiſd thee vp to ſtand.

Yet ſhalt thou here ſuruiue in pittying fame

In thy ſweete Wife, in theſe moſt acute lines,
In well reputed Characters of name,
And vertues tombe, which all thy honor ſhrines:
In ſpight of enuie, or the proudeſt hate,
That thus hath ſet opinion at debate.

But for mine owne part, ſith it fals out ſo,
That death hath had her will; I now compare
It to a wanton hand, which at a throw
To breake a boxe of precious balme did dare:
With whoſe perfume, although it was thus ſpild,
The houſe and commers by were better fild.

Cap. *Thom. Gainſford.*

A memoriall, offered to that man of vertue, Sir THOMAS OVERBVRIE.

ONce dead & twice aliue; death could not frame
A death, whoſe ſting could kill him in his fame.
He might haue liu'd, had not the life, which gaue
Life to his life, betraid him to his graue.
If greatneſſe could conſiſt in being Good,
His Goodneſſe did adde titles to his blood.
Onely vnhappy in his liues laſt fate,
In that he liu'd ſo ſoone, to dye ſo late.
Alas whereto ſhall men oppreſſed truſt,
When Innocence cannot protect the iuſt?
His error was his fault, but truth his end,
No enemie his ruine, but his friend.

Cold

Cold friendſhip, where hot vowes are but a breath,
To guerdon poore ſimplicitie with Death:
Was neuer man, that felt the ſenſe of griefe
So Ouerbury'd in a ſafe beliefe:
Beliefe? O cruell ſlaughter! times vnbred
Will ſay, who dies that is vntimely dead,
By treachery, of luſt, or by diſgrace.
In friendſhip, 'twas but *Ouerburies* caſe; (proue
Which ſhall not more commend his truth, then
Their guilt, who were his oppoſites in loue.
Reſt happy Man; and in thy ſpheare of Awe,
Behold how Iuſtice ſwayes the ſword of Law,
To weed out thoſe, whoſe hands imbrew'd in bloud
Cropt off thy youth, and flower in the bud.
Sleepe in thy peace: thus happy haſt thou prou'd,
Thou mightſt haue dy'd more knowne, not more
Io. Fo. (belou'd.

Vpon Sir *Thomas Ouerburie* the Author of this ingenious Poem.

HE*ſperides* (within whoſe gardens grow
Apples of Gold) may well thy loſſe deplore,
For in thoſe Gardens they could neuer ſhow
A tree ſo faire of ſuch a fruitfull ſtore.
Grace was the Root, and thou thy ſelfe the Tree,
Sweete counſells were the Berries grew on thee.

Wit was the branch that did adorne the Stocke,
Reaſon

Reaſon the Leafe, vpon thoſe branches ſpred,
Vnder thy ſhadow did the *Muſes* flocke,
And (by Thee) as a mantle couered.
But what befell, O too much out of kinde!
For thou waſt blaſted by a Weſt-on winde.

R. Ca.

Of Sir Thomas Ouerbury his VVife, and Marriage.

VVHen I behold this Wife of thine ſo faire,
So far remou'd from vulgar beauties (aire
Being leſſe bright and pure) me thinkes I ſee
An vncloath'd Soule, by potent Alchymie
Extraught from ragged matter. Thou haſt made
A Wife more innocent then any Maid.
Eu'hs ſtate, before the fall's decyphered heere,
And *Plato's* naked vertu's not more cleere;
Such an *Idæa*, as ſcarce wiſhes can
Arriue at, but our Hopes muſt ne're attaine:
A Soule ſo farre beyond the common Make,
As ſcorn'd corporeall ioyning. For her ſake
(Deſpayring elſe contract) Thou too turn'ſt Soule,
And to enioy her fayres without controule,
Caſt'ſt off this bodies clog: ſo muſt all doe,
Caſt Matter off, who would abſtraction wooe.
Toſſ ie ſo ſoone then (Soule) well haſt thou done:
For, in this life, ſuch beauties are not wonne.

But

But when I call to minde thine vnripe fall,
And ſo ſad ſummons to thy Nuptiall;
Eyther, in her thy bold deſires did taſte
Forbidden fruit, and haue this Curſe purchaſte.
Or, haue this Elixir made thine owne
(Drawne from the remnant of Creation,)
The *faces* their malignant Spirits breath
To puniſh thine ambitious loue with death.
Or, thy much enui'de choyce hath made the reſt
Of Concrete Relicts poynt their aymes infeſt
To thy confuſion. And with them ſeduc'd
Friendſhip (diſpleaſed to ſee a Loue produc'd
Leſſe carnall then it ſelfe) with policie,
So pure and chaſte a Loue to nullifie.
Yet, howſoe're, their proiect flies in ſmoke, (choke,
The poyſon's cordiall, which they meant ſhould
Their deeds of darkneſſe, like the Bridall Night,
Haue ioyn'd ſpirituall Louers, in deſpight
Of falſe attempts: And now the wedding's done;
When in this life ſuch faires had not beene wonne.

E. G.

To the Booke.

THou wofull Widdow, once happy Wife,
That didſt enioy ſo ſweete a Mate:
Who, now bereaued is of Life,
Vntimely wrought, through inward hate.
O Deed moſt vile, to haſte the end
Of him, that was ſo good a friend. F. H.

On this excellent POEM *the VVife.*

LOe here the matchleſſe patterne of a Wife,
Diſciphered in forme of Good, and Bad:
The Bad commends the Good, as Darke doth Light,
Or as a loathed Bed a ſingle Life;
The Good, with Wiſedome and Diſcretion clad
With Modeſtie, and faire demeanour dight,
Whoſe Reaſon doth her Will to Loue inuite.

Reaſon begot, and Paſsion bred her Loue,
Selfe-will She ſhun'd, Fitnes the Mariage made;
Fitnes doth cheriſh Loue, Selfe-will Debate.
Loe thus; and in this Monument of proofe
A perfect Wife, a Worke nor Time can fade,
Nor looſe reſpect betray to mortall Fate.
This none can equall; Beſt, but imitate. *R. C.*

On Sir *Thomas Ouerburies* Poem the *VVife.*

I'm glad yet ere I die, I h'ue found occaſion
Honeſt and iuſt, without the worlds perſwaſion,
Or flattery or bribery, to commend
A woman for her goodneſſe; and God ſend
I may finde many more: I wiſh them well,
They 're pretty things to play with: when *Eue* fell,
She tooke a care that all the Women-kinde

That

That were to follow her, ſhould be as blinde
As ſhe was willfull; and till this good Wife,
This peece of Vertue that ne're tooke her life
From a fraile Mothers labour: Thoſe ſtand ſtill
As marginalls to point vs to our ill:
Came to the world, as other creatures doe
That know no God but will; we learne to wooe,
And if ſhe were but faire, and could but kiſſe,
Twentie to one we could not chuſe amiſſe;
And as we iudge of trees if ſtraight and tall
They may be found, yet neuer till the fall,
Finde how the raine hath drill'd them; So till now
We onely knew we muſt loue; but not how
But here we haue example, and ſo rare,
That if we hold but common ſenſe and care,
And ſteere by this Card; he that goes awry,
Ile boldly ſay at his Natiuitie,
That man was ſeal'd a foole: yet all this good
Giuen as it is, not cloath'd in fleſh and bloud,
Some may auerre, and ſtrongly t'was meere meant
In way of practiſe, but not preſident;
Eyther will make vs happy men; for he
That marrieth any way this myſterie,
Or any parcell of that benefit,
Though he take hold of nothing but the wit,
Hath got himſelfe a partner for his life
More then a woman, better then a Wife.

I. F.

Eiſdem in Eadem.

AS from a man the firſt fraile woman came,
The firſt that euer made vs know our ſhame,
And finde the curſe of labour; ſo againe,
Goodneſſe and vnderſtanding found a man
To take his ſhame away; and from him ſprung
A peece of excellence without a tongue,
Becauſe it ſhould not wrong vs; yet the life
Makes it appeare a Woman, and a Wife.
And this is ſhee, if euer Woman ſhall
Doe good hereafter; borne to bleſſe our fall. I. F.

On Sir *Thomas Ouerburies* Poem the Wife.

VVEre euery beautie, euery ſeuerall grace,
Which is in women, in one womans face,
Some courtly Gallants might, I thinke, come to her,
Which would not wed her though, they ſeem'd to woe her,
Setled affections follow not the Eye; (
Reaſon and Iudgement, muſt their courſe deſcrye.
Pigmalions Image made of Marble ſtone,
Was lik'd of all; belou'd of him alone.
But heer's a Dame growne husbandleſſe of late,
Which not a man but wiſheth were his Mate.
So faire without, ſo free from ſpot within,
That earth ſeemes here to ſtand exempt from ſin.
Iuno vouchſafe, and *Hymen*, when I wed,
I may behold this VVidow in my Bed. *D.T.*

Beau-

On the Wife.

BEautie affords contentment to the Eye,
Riches are meanes to cure a weake eſtate,
Honour illuſtrate what it commeth nie:
To marry thus men count it happy Fate.
Vertue they think doth in the Emblems ſhroud,
But triall ſhews they are gulled with a Cloud.

Theſe are but complemente; the inward worth,
The outward cariage, geſture, wit, and grace,
Is that alone that ſets a Woman forth.
And in this VVoman, theſe haue each a place.
VVere all VViues ſuch, This age would happy be,
But happier that of our Poſteritie. *D. T.*

On the VVife.

VVEll haſt thou ſaid, that women ſhould be (ſuch;
And were they, that had but a third, as
I would be married too, but that I know (much,
Not what ſhe is, but ſhould be thou doſt ſhow:
So let me prayſe thy worke, and let my life
Be ſingle, or thy VVidow be my VVife. *X. Z.*

On the VVife.

THis perfect Creature, to the Eaſterne vſe
Liu'd, whilſt a wife retir'd from common ſhow:
Not that her Louer fear'd the leaſt abuſe,

But with the wiſeſt knew it fitter ſo:
Since, ſaine a widow, and a zealous one,
She would haue ſacrifizde her ſelfe agen,
But importun'd to life; is now alone,
Lou'd, wood, admir'd, by all wiſe ſingle-men.
VVhich, to th'adulterous reſt, that dare beginne
There vs'd temptations, were a mortall ſinne.

To the VVife.

EXpos'd to all, thou wilt leſſe worthy ſeeme
I feare: VViues common, all men diſeſteeme;
Yet ſome things haue a diffring Fate: ſome fret
VVe doubt in wares which are in corners ſet:
Hid Mettalls ruſt, which being vſde grow bright;
the day more friendeth vertue then the night.
Thou though more common, then maiſt ſeem more good.
I onely wiſh thou mayſt be vnderſtood.

G. R.

To the cleane contrary VVife.

LOoke here: and chide thoſe ſpirits, which maintaine
Their Empire, with ſo ſtrong command in you,
That all good eyes, which doe your follies view,
Pitty, what you for them, muſt once ſuſtaine:
O from thoſe Euills, which free Soules diſdaine
To be acquainted with, (and but purſue

Worſt

Worſt Minds) from them (as hatefull, as vntrue,)
By reading this, for Fames faire ſake refraine:
VVho would let feed vpon her birth, the brood
Of lightneſſe, Indiſcretion, and the ſhame
Of foule Incontinence, when the baſe blood
Is careleſſe onely of an Honourd Name,
Be all that gentle are, more high Improou'd,
For looſe Dames are but flatter'd, neuer Lou'd.

VV. Stra.

Of the choyce of a Wife.

IF I were to chuſe a Woman,
As who knowes but I may marry:
I would truſt the eye of no man,
Nor a tongue that may miſcarry:
For in way of Loue and Glory,
Each tongue beſt tels his owne ſtory.

Firſt, to make my choyce the bolder,
I would haue her childe to ſuch:
Whoſe free vertuous liues are older
Then Antiquitie can touch:
For tis ſeldome ſeene, that blood
Giues a beautie great and good

Yet an ancient ſtocke may bring
Branches I confeſſe of worth,
Like rich mantles ſhadoing

Those descents that brought them forth,
Yet such Hills though gilded show
Soonest feele the age of snow.

Therefore to preuent such care
That repentance soone may bring,
Like Marchants I would choose my ware,
Vse-full good, not glittering.
He that weds for state or face,
Buyes a Horse to lose a Race.

Yet I would haue her faire as any,
But her owne not kist away:
I would haue her free to many,
Looke on all like eqnall day;
But descending to the Sea,
Make her set with none but me.

If she be not tall tis better;
For that word, A goodly VVoman,
Prints it selfe in such a letter,
That it leaues vnstudied no man:
I would haue my Mistresse grow
Onely tall to answere No.

Yet I would not haue her lose
So much breeding, as to fling
Vnbecomming scorne on those
That must Worship euery thing.
Let her feare lockes to scatter.

And looſe men will feare to flatter.

Children I would haue her beare,
More for loue of name then bed:
So each childe I haue is heyre
To another mayden-head;
For ſhe that in the act's afraide,
Euery night's another maide.

Such a one, as when ſhees woo'd,
Bluſhes not for ill thoughts paſt;
But ſo innocently good,
That her dreames are euer chaſt;
For that Maide that thinkes a ſin,
Has betraide the Fort ſhee's in.

In my viſitation ſtill,
I would haue her ſcatter feares,
How this man, and that was ill,
After proteſtations Teares:
And who vowes a conſtant life,
Crownes a meritorious Wife.

When the Prieſt firſt giues our hands,
I would haue her thinke but thus;
In what high and holy bands
Heauen-like twins, hath planted vs,
That like Aarons rod together,
Both may bud, grow greene, and wither.

An *Elegie* in prayſe of Sir *Thomas Ouerbury*, and his *Poem*.

T'Is dangerous to be *good*: well we may prayſe
Honeſtie, or *Innocence*; but who can rayſe
A powre, that ſhall ſecure't, 'gainſt wrongs to come,
When ſuch a *Saint* hath ſuffer'd *Martyrdome*?
Iniurious hands, which 'cauſe they could not get
The *gemme*: would therefore ſpoyle the *cabinet*.
But, though the *cage* be broke, the *bird* is flowne
To *heauen*, her proper and ſecurer home:
Where 'mongſt a quire of *Saints*, and *Cherubims*,
Of *Angels*, *Thrones*, and *Seraphins*, ſhe ſings
Thoſe ſacred *Haleluiahs*: heauen may boaſt
T'haue got that Angell there, which we haue *loſt*:
But we ſhall ſtill complaine, for to vs *here*,
A *Saint* is more loſſe, than a *Throne* is *there*.
That *Firmament* of holy *fires* which wee
Enioyed, whilſt thou wert, by enioying thee,
Lyes now rak't vp in *aſhes* as the light
Of day, the Sunne once gone, is drownd in night.
But as the *Moone*, ſometimes, the *Sunne* being ſet,
Appeares, and we a new (though leſſe) light get;
So though our greateſt *lampe*, of vertue be,
By cruell Fate, *extinguiſhed*, in thee;
Yet, to adde ſome freſh *oyle* t'our *ſnuffe* of life,
Thou haſt, behind thee, left a matchleſſe *Wife*:
Who hath (ſince that ſad time her Husband di'de)
Beene wooed by many, for a ſecond bride:

But

But like a chaſte religious widow, ſhe
Hauing loſt her firſt mate, Scornes *bigamie.*
P. B. *medy Temp.*

A *Statue* erected in memory of Sir *Thomas Ouerbury* & his *VVife.*

VPon a *Marble* fram'd by th'cunningſt hand,
In garments greene, and orient to behold,
Like a moſt louely *Virgin* let her ſtand,
And on her head a crowne of pureſt gold.
Firſt let Religion, in her heart haue place,
As th'ground & fountaine whence al vertues ſpring
So that each thought being ſanctified by Grace:
The puniſhment t'eſcape, that's due to ſinne.
Let *Beautie* (ioyn'd with modeſtie) appeare
Loues obiect in her face; and chaſtitie
In her faire *eyes*, brighter then chryſtall cleare
Wherein life moues, affections led *thereby.*
In her hands *charitie*, and at the right
The holy Angells let protecting be;
And at the left, Gods mercies ſhining bright
Diſtributing to each neceſsitie.
Let th'earth his riches yeeld to her, and more
The heauens their influence, and by the ſame
Vnto the blinde their ſight let her reſtore,
Strength'ning the weake, and rayſing vp the lame,
Vnder her feete the Deuill and darkeneſſe ſet,

Let

Let Pride faſt bound in chaines behinde her lie,
Baſe ſelfe-loue, not aapeare in place, and let
Foule luſt, and *Enuie* from her preſence flie,
And on her *Breaſt*, in golden letters write
Heauens beſt belou'd, earths chiefeſt delight.

He that in's (choyce) would meet with ſuch a wife,
Muſt vow virginitie and ſingle life.

On Sir *Thomas Ouerbury* and his WIFE.

ALL right, all wrong befalls me through a Wife,
A Bad one gaue me Death, a Good one Life.

An Elegie vpon the Death of Sir *Thomas Ouerbury* Knight poyſoned in the Tower.

HAdſt thou like other Sirs and Knights of worth,
Sickned & dyde, beene ſtretcht-out and layd forth,
After thy faretwell Sermon, taken earth,
And left no deed to praiſe thee but thy birth,
Then Ouerburie *by a paſſe of theirs,*
Thou might'ſt haue tyded hence in two houres teares,
Then had We worne thy ſprigs of memory,
No longer then thy friends did Roſemary;

Or

Or then the deale Was eating for thy ſake,
And thou hadſt ſunke in thy owne wine, and cake;
But ſince it was ſo ordered and thought fit
By ſome who knew thy truth and fear'd thy wit,
Thou ſhouldſt be poyſoned, Death hath done thee grace,
Ranckt thee aboue the region of thy place.
For none heares poyſon nam'd but makes replie
What Prince was that? what Stateſman ſo did die?
In this thou haſt out dyde an Elegie
Which were to narrow for poſteritie,
And thy ſtrong poyſon which did ſeeme to kill,
Working a freſh in ſome Hiſtorians quill,
Shall now preſerue thee longer ere thou rot,
Then could a Poem mixt with Antidot;
Nor needeſt thou truſt a Herrald with thy name,
That art the voyce of Iuſtice and of Fame;
Whilſt ſinne (deteſting her owne conſcience) ſtriues
To pay the vſe and intereſt of liues,
Enough of ryme, and might it pleaſe the law
Enough of bloud: for naming liues I ſaw.
He that writes more of thee muſt write of more,
Which I effect not, but referre men ore
To Tyburne by Whoſe Art they may define
What life of man is worth, in valewing thine.

On Sir *Thomas Ouerbury.*

THough dumbe, deafe, dead, I cry, I heare, I kill,
Thus growne a Politician gainſt my will. *I. M.*

An

An *Elegie* on the late *Lord VVilliam Hayward* Baron of Effingham, dead the tenth of December. 1615.

I Did not know thee Lord, nor doe I ſtriue
To winne acceſſe, or grace, with Lords aliue:
The dead I ſerue from whence nor faction can
Moue me, nor fauour: nor a greater man.
To whom no vice commends me, nor bribe ſent,
From whom no Penance warns, nor portion ſpent,
To theſe I dedicate as much of me
As I can ſpare from mine owne husbandry:
And till Ghoſts walke, as they were wont to doe
I trade for ſome and doe theſe errants too.
But firſt I doe enquire, and am aſſur'd
What Tryals in their Iourneyes they endur'd,
What certainties of Honour and of worth.
Their moſt vncertaine Life-times haue brought
And who ſo did leaſt hurt of this ſmall ſtore, (forth,
He is my Patron, dyed he rich, or poore.
Firſt I will know of Fame (after his peace
When Flattery and Enuy both doe ceaſe)
Who rul'd his actions: Reaſon or my Lord?
Did the whole man relie vpon a word,
A badge, a Title, or aboue all chance
Seem'd he as Ancient as his Cogniſance.
What did he? acts of mercie; and refraine
Oppreſsion in himſelfe, and in his Traine.
Was his eſſentiall Table full as free
As Beaſts and inuitations vſe to bee?

Where

Where if his Ruſſet-friend did chance to dine,
Whether his Satten-man would fill him wine.
Did he thinke periurie as lou'd a ſinne
Himſelfe forſworne, as if his ſlaue had beene?
Did he ſeeke Regular pleaſures, was he knowne
Iuſt Husband to one Wife, and ſhe his owne?
Did he giue freely without pauſe, or doubt,
And read petitions, ere they were worne out?
Or ſhould his well-deſeruing *Clyent* aske,
Would he beſtow a Tilting, or a Maske
To keepe need vertuous. And that done not feare
What Lady dam'd him for his abſence there?
Did he attend the Court for no mans fall,
Wore he the ruine of no Hoſpitall.
And when he did his rich apparell don,
Put he no Widow, nor an Orphan on.
Did he loue ſimply vertue for the thing,
The King for no reſpect but for the King.
But aboue all did his religion waite
Vpon Gods Throne, or on the chaire of ſtate.
He that is guiltie of no *Quære* here.
Out-laſts his Epitaph, out-liues his Heyre.
But there is none ſuch, none ſo little bad,
Who but this negatiue goodneſſe euer had?
Of ſuch a Lord we may expect the birth,
Hee's rather in the wombe then on the earth.
And t'were a Crime in ſuch a publike ſtate
For one to liue well and degenerate:
And therefore I am angry when a name
Comes to vpbraid the World like *Effingham*.

Nor

Nor was it modeſt in thee to depart
To thy eternall home, where now thou art;
Ere thy reproach was ready: or to die
Ere cuſtome had prepard thy calumnie.
Eight dayes haue paſt ſince thou haſt payd thy debt
To ſinne, and not a libell ſtirring yet,
Courtiers that ſcoffe by Patent, ſilent ſit,
And haue no vſe of Slander, or of wit:
But (which is monſtrous) though againſt the tide,
The Water-men haue neyther rayld nor lide.
Of good and bad there's no diſtinction knowne,
For in thy prayſe the good and bad are one.
It ſeemes we all are couetous of Fame,
And hearing what a purchaſe of good name
Thou lately mad'ſt, are carefull to increaſe
Our title by the holding of ſome leaſe (crew
From thee our Land-lord, and for that th'whole
Speake now like Tenants ready to renew,
It were too ſad to tell thy pedegree,
Death hath diſordered all miſplacing thee,
Whilſt now thy Herrald in his line of heyres
Blots out thy name, and fills the ſpace with teares.
And thus hath conquering Death or Nature rather
Made thee prepoſterous ancient to thy Father
Who grieues th'art ſo, and like a glorious light
Shines ore thy Hearſe. He therfore that would write
And blaze thee throughly, may at once ſay all,
Here lyes the Anchor of our Admirall,
Let others write for glory or reward,
Truth is well payd when ſhe is ſung and heard.

Ad

Ad Comitiſſam Rutlandiæ.

MAdame ſo may my verſes pleaſing be,
So you may laugh at them and not at me.
T'is ſomething to you gladly I would ſay,
But how to do't, I cannot finde the way.
I would auoyd the common beaten wayes
To VVomen vſed, which are loue or prayſe:
As for the firſt the little wit I haue
Is not yet growne ſo neere vnto the graue,
But that I can by that dimme fading light,
Perceiue of what, and vnto whom I write.
Let ſuch as in hopeleſſe witleſſe rage,
Can ſigh a quire, and read it to a Page;
Such as can make ten Sonnets ere they reſt,
VVhen each is but a great blot at the beſt;
Such as doe backes of bookes and windowes fill,
VVith their too furious Diamond or quill;
Such as are well reſolu'd to end their dayes,
VVith a loud laughter blowne beyond the Seas;
VVho are ſo mortified that they can liue
Contemn'd of all the world, and yet forgiue.
VVrite loue to you: I would not willingly
Be pointed at in euerie company.
As was that little Taylor, who till death,
VVas hot in loue with *Queene Elizabeth.*
And for the laſt in all my idle dayes,
I neuer yet did liuing woman prayſe
In proſe or verſe: And when I doe beginne,
Ile picke ſome woman out, as full of ſinne

As blacke as yours is white, A face as foule
As yours is beautifull, for it ſhall be,
Out of the rules of Phyſiognomie:
So farre that I doe feare I muſt diſplace
The Art a little to let her in the face:
It ſhall at leaſt foure Faces be below
The deuils; and her parched corps ſhall ſhow,
In her looſe skin, as if ſome ſpirit ſhe were,
Kept in a bag by ſome great Coniurer:
Her breath ſhall be as horrible and vild,
As euerie word you ſpeake is ſweete and mild.
It ſhall be ſuch a one, as will not be
Couer'd with any Art or policie.
But let her take all powders, fumes, and drinke,
She ſhall make nothing but a dearer ſtinke.
She ſhall haue ſuch a foote and ſuch a noſe,
As will not ſtand in any thing but proſe:
If I beſtow my prayſes vpon ſuch,
Tis Charitie and I ſhall merit much.
My prayſe will come to her like a full boule,
Beſtowed at moſt need on a thirſtie ſoule;
VVhere, if I ſing your prayſes in my Ryme,
I loſe my Inke, my Paper, and my Time;
And nothing adde to your o'reflowing ſtore,
And tell you nought but what you knew before;
Nor doe the vertuous minded (which I ſweare
Madam I thinke you are) endure to heare
Their owne perfections into queſtions brought,
But ſtop their Eares at them; for if I thought
You tooke a pride to haue your vertues knowne,

Pardon me Madam, I ſhould thinke them none.
To what a length is this ſtrange letter growne,
In ſeeking of a ſubiect yet findes none.
But if your braue thoughts, which I much reſpect
Aboue your glorious Titles, ſhall accept
Theſe harſh diſordered Lines, I ſhall ere long
Dreſſe vp your vertues new, in a new ſong;
Yet farre from all baſe prayſe and flatterie,
Although I know what ere my Verſes be,
They will like the moſt ſeruile flattry ſhew
If I write truth, and make my ſubiect you.

An Elegie on the Death of the *Lady Rutland.*

I May forget to eate, to drinke, to ſleepe,
Remembring thee, but when I doe, to weepe
In well weigh'd lines, that men ſhall at thy hearſe
Enuy the ſorrow which brought forth my verſe.
May my dull vnderſtanding haue the might
Onely to know her laſt was yeſternight?
Rutland the faire is dead, or if to heare
The name of *Sydney* will more force a teare,
Tis ſhe that is ſo dead; and yet there be
Some more aliue profeſſe not Poetrie.
The Stateſmen and the lawyers of our time
Haue buſineſſe ſtill, yet doe it not in rime:
Can ſhe be dead, and can there be of thoſe
That are ſo dull to ſay their prayers in proſe?
It is three dayes ſince ſhe did feele Deaths hand

And yet this Ile not cald the Poets Land?
Hath this no new ones made, and are the old
At ſuch a needfull time as this growne cold?
They all ſay they would faine, but yet they plead
They cannot write becauſe their Muſe is dead.
Heare me then ſpeake which will take no excuſe,
Sorrow can make a verſe without a Muſe.
VVhy didſt thou die ſo ſoone? O Pardon mee
I knew it was the longeſt life to thee.
That ere with modeſtie was cald a ſpan
Since the Almighty left to ſtriue with man;
Mankinde is ſent to ſorrow; and thou haſt
More of buſineſſe which thou cam'ſt for paſt,
Then all thoſe aged VVomen which yet quicke
Haue quite out-liu'd their owne Arithmeticke.
As ſoone as thou couldſt apprehend a griefe,
There were enow to meet thee, and the chiefe
Bleſsing of women: marriage was to thee
Nought but a ſacrament of Miſerie:
For whom thou hadſt, if we may truſt to Fame,
Could nothing change about thee, but thy name.
A name which who (that were againe to doo't)
Would change without a thouſand ioyes to boot
In all things elſe, thou rather leadſt a life
Like a betrothed Virgin then a Wife.
But yet I would haue cald thy Fortune kinde
If it had onely tride thy ſetled minde,
With preſent croſſes; Not the loathed thought
Of worſe to come, or paſt, then might haue wrought
Thy beſt remembrance to haue caſt an eye

Backe with delight vpon thine infancie:
But thou hadſt ere thou knewſt the vſe of teares
Sorrow layd vp againſt thou com'ſt to yeares,
Ere thou wert able, who thou wert to tell
By a ſad warre thy noble Father fell.
In a dull clime which did not vnderſtand
What t'was to venture him to ſaue a Land;
He left two children who, for vertue, wit,
Beautie, were lou'd of all; Thee and his wit;
Two was too few, yet death hath from vs tooke
Thee a more faultleſſe iſſue, then his Booke,
Which now the onely liuing thing we haue
From him, wee'le ſee, ſhall neuer finde a graue
As thou haſt done: alas would it might be,
That bookes their Sexes had as well as we,
That we might ſee this maried to the worth
And many Poems like it ſelfe bring forth:
But this vaine wiſh Diuinitie controules,
For neyther to the Angels, nor to ſoules,
Nor any thing he meant ſhould euer liue,
Did the wiſe God of Nature ſexes giue;
Then with his euerlaſting worke alone
We muſt content our ſelues ſince ſhe is gone;
Gone like the day thou dyded'ſt vpon, and we
May call that backe againe as ſoone as thee. (all
Who ſhould haue lookt to this, where were you
That doe your ſelues the helpes of Nature call
Phyſitians? I acknowledge you were there
To ſell ſuch words as none in health would heare
So dyde ſhe: Curſt be he who ſhall defend

Your Art of haſtning Nature to an end.
In this you ſhew'd that Phyſicke can but be
At beſt, an Art, to cure your pouertie;
You're many of you Impoſtors, and doe giue
To ſicke men potions that your ſelues may liue.
He that hath ſurfeited and cannot eate,
Muſt haue a med'cine to procure you meate,
And that's the deepeſt ground of all your skill,
Vnleſſe it be ſome knowledge how to kill.
Sorrow and madneſſe make my verſes flow
Croſſe to my vnderſtanding. For I know
You can doe wonders; euery day I meete
The looſer ſort of people in the ſtreete
From deſperate diſeaſes freed, and why
Reſtore you them, and ſuffer her to die?
Why ſhould the State allow you Colledges
Penſions for Lectures, and Anatomies?
If all your potions, vomits, letting blood,
Can onely cure the bad, and not the good?
Which onely they can doe, and I will ſhow
The hidden reaſon why, you did not know
The way to cure, her. You beleeu'd her blood
Ran in ſuch courſes as you vnderſtood,
By Lectures you beleeu'd her arteries
Grew as they doe in your Anatomies.
Forgetting, that the State allowes you none
But onely Whores and Theeues to practiſe on.
And euery paſſage about them I'me ſure
You vnderſtood, and onely them can cure,
Which is the cauſe that both ———

Are

Are noted for enioying ſo long liues.
But noble bloud treades in too ſtrange a path
For your ill-got Experience; and hath
Another way of cure. If you had ſeene
Penelope diſſected, or the Queene
Of *Sheba*, then you might haue found away
To haue preſeru'd her from that fatall day.
As tis. You haue but made her ſooner bleſt
By ſending her to heauen, where let her reſt.
I will not hurt the peace which ſhe ſhould haue
By longer looking in her quiet graue.

FINIS.

THE METHOD.

First, of Marriage, and the effect thereof, Children. Then of his contrarie, Lust; *then for his choyce, First, his opinion negatiuely, what should be: the First causes in it, that is, neyther* Beauty, Birth, *nor* Portion. *Then affirmatiue, what should be, of which kind there are foure:* Goodnesse, Knowledge, Discretion, *and as a second thing,* Beautie. *The first onely is absolutely good: the other being built vpon the first doe likewise become so. Then the application of that woman by loue to himselfe, which makes her a Wife. And lastly, the onely condition of a Wife,* Fitnesse.

A Wife.

EAch Woman is a *briefe* of Womankinde,
And doth in little euen as much containe,
As, in one Day and Night, all life we finde,
Of eyther, More, is but the same againe:
God fram'd Her so, that to her *Husband* She,
As *Eue*, should all the *World of Women be.*

So fram'd he *Both*, that *neyther* power he gaue
Vse of themselues, but by *exchange* to make:
Whence in their Face, the *Faire* no pleasure haue,
But by *reflexe* of what thence *other* take.

Our

Our Lips in their owne Kiſſe no pleaſure finde:
Toward their proper Face, our Eyes are blinde.

So God in *Eue* did *perfit* Man, *begun*;
Till then, in vaine much of himſelfe he had:
In *Adam* God created onely *one*,
Eue, and the *world to come*, in *Eue* he made.
We are *two halfes*: whiles each from other ſtraies,
Both barren are; *Ion'd*, *both* their *like* can raiſe.

At firſt, both *Sexes* were in *Man* combinde,
Man a *She-Man* did in his body breed;
Adam was *Eues*, *Eue* Mother of Mankinde,
Eue from *Liue-fleſh*, Man did from *Duſt* proceed.
One, thus made *two*, *Marriage* doth re-vnite,
And makes them both but one *Hermaphrodite*.

Man did but the *Well being* of this life
From *Woman* take, her *Being* ſhe from *Man*:
And therefore *Eue*, created was a Wife,
And at the end of all her *Sexe*, began:
Marriage their obiect is: their *Being* then,
And now *Perfection*, they receiue from *Men*.

Marriage; to all whoſe ioyes *two parties* be,
And *double* are by being *parted* ſo,
Wherein the very *Act* is Chaſtitie,
Whereby *two Soules* into *one Body* goe.
Which make *two one*; while here they liuing be,
And after death in their *poſteritie*.

God

God to *each Man a priuate woman* gaue,
That in that *Center* his *desires* might ſtint,
That he a *comfort like himſelfe* might haue,
And that on her *his like* he might *imprint*.
Double is Womans *vſe* part of their end
Doth on *this Age*, part on the *next* depend.

We fill but *part of time*, and cannot dye,
Till we the world a *freſh ſupply* haue lent,
Children are Bodies ſole *Eternitie*;
Nature is *God*, *Art* is *Mans* inſtrument.
Now all *Mans Art* but only dead things makes,
But herein *Man* in things of *life* partakes.

For wandring *Luſt*; I know tis infinite,
It ſtill *begins*, and addes not more to more.
The *guilt* is euerlaſting, the *delight*,
This inſtant doth not feele, of *that* before.
The *taſt* of it is only in the *Senſe*,
The *operation* in the *Conſcience*.

Woman is not *Luſt bounds*, but *Womankinde*;
One is *Loues number*: who from that doth fall
Hath loſt his hold, and no *new reſt* ſhall finde;
Vice hath no meane, but not to be at all.
A *Wife* is that *enough*. *Luſt* cannot finde;
For *Luſt* is ſtill with *want*, or *too much pinde*.

Bate *luſt* the Sin, my ſhare is eu'n with his,
For, *Not to luſt*, and to *Enioy* is one:

And

And more or leſſe paſt, *equall* Nothing is;
I ſtill haue *one*, Luſt *one at once*, alone:
And though the woman often changed be,
Yet Hee's the ſame without varietie.

Marriage our *luſt* (as twere with fuell fire)
Doth, with a medicine *of the ſame*, allay;
And not *forbid*, but *rectifie deſire*,
My ſelfe I cannot chuſe, *my wife* I may:
And in the choyce of *Her*, it much doth lye,
To mend my ſelfe in my poſterity.

O rather let me *Loue*, then *be in loue*;
So let me chuſe, as *Wife* and *Friend* to finde,
Let me forget her *Sex*, when I *approue*,
Beaſts likeneſſe lies in *ſhape*, but *our* in *minde*:
Our *Soules no Sexes* haue, their Loue is cleane,
No *Sex*, both in the *better part* are *Men*.

But Phyſicke for our *luſt* their *Bodies* be,
But matter fit to ſhew our *Loue* vpon:
But only *Shells* for our *poſteritie*.
Their ſoules were giu'n leſt men ſhould be alone:
For, but the *Soules*, *Interpreters*, *wordes be*,
Without which, *Bodies* are no companie.

That *goodly frame* we ſee of fleſh and bloud,
Their *faſhion* is, not *weight*; it is I ſay
But their *Lay-part*; but well digeſted food;
This but twixt *Duſt*, and *Duſt*, *lifes middle Way*:

The

The worth of it is nothing that is *ſeene*,
But onely that it holds a *Soule* within.

And all the carnall *Beautie* of my Wife,
Is but a skin-deepe, but *two ſenſes* knowne:
Short euen of Pictures ſhorter liu'd then Life,
And yet the *loue* ſuruiues, that's built thereon:
For our *Imagination* is too high,
For *Bodies*, when they meet, to ſatisfie.

All Shapes, all Coleures are *alike* in *Night*,
Nor doth our *Touch* diſtinguiſh *foule or faire*:
But mans *imagination*, and his *ſight*,
And thoſe, but the firſt weeke; by Cuſtome are
Both made alike, which differed at *firſt view*,
Nor can that difference *abſence* much renew.

Nor can that *Beautie*, lying in the *Face*,
But meerely by *imagination* be
Enioy'de by vs, in an *inferiour place*.
Nor can that *Beauty* by *enioying we*
Make *ours become*; ſo our *deſire* growes tame,
We changed are, but it remaines the ſame.

Birth, leſſe then *Beautie*, ſhall my *Reaſon* blinde,
Her *Birth* goes to my *Children*, not to me:
Rather had I that *actiue Gentrie* finde,
Vertue, then *paſſiue* from her Anceſtrie;
Rather in *her aliue* one vertue ſee,
Then all the reſt dead in her *Pedigree*.

In the Degrees, high rather be ſhe plac't,
Of *Nature*, then of *Art*, and *Policie*:
Gentrie is but a *relique* of time paſt,
And *Loue* doth only but the *preſent* ſee; (*ſame*
Things were firſt made, then *wordes*: ſhe were the
With, or *without*, *that title*, or that name.

As for (the oddes of Sexes) *Portion*,
Nor will I ſhun it, nor my ayme it make;
Birth, *Beautie*, *Wealth*, are nothing worth alone,
All theſe I would for *good additions* take,
Not for *Good parts*; thoſe *two* are ill combin'd,
Whom, any *third* thing frō *themſelues*, hath ioyn'd.

Rather then theſe the obiect of my *Loue*,
Let it be *Good*; when theſe with vertues go,
They (in themſelues *indifferent*) vertues proue,
For *Good* (like fire) turnes all things to be ſo.
Gods image in Her *Soule*, O let me place
My *Loue* vpon; not *Adams* in Her *Face*.

Good, is a fairer attribute then *White*,
Tis the *mindes beautie* keepes the *other* ſweet:
That's not ſtill one, nor mortall with the light,
Nor glaſſe, nor painting can it counterfet,
Nor doth it rayſe deſires, which euer tend
At once, to their perfection, and their end.

By *Good* I would haue *Holy* vnderſtood,
So *God* ſhe cannot loue, but alſo *me*,

The

The Law requires our *wordes* and *deeds* be good,
Religion euen the *Thoughts* doth sanctifie:
And she is *more* a *Mayde* that *rauisht* is,
Then she which only doth but *wish amisse*.

Lust only by *Religion* is withstood;
Lusts obiect is aliue, his strength within;
Moralitie resists but in *cold blood*;
Respect of *Credit* feareth *shame*, not *sinne*.
But no place *darke enough* for such offence
She finds, that's *watcht* by her owne *conscience*.

Then may I *Trust her Body* with her *minde*,
And, thereupon secure, need neuer know
The pangs of *Iealousie*: and *Loue* doth finde
More paine to *doubt* her false, then *know* her so:
For *Patience* is, of euils that are knowne,
The certaine Remedie; but *Doubt* hath none.

And be that thought *once* stirr'd, twill neuer die,
Nor will the griefe more milde by custome proue;
Nor yet *Amendment* can it satisfie,
The *Anguish* more or lesse, is *as our loue*:
This miserie doth *Iealousie* ensue,
That we may proue her *false*, but cannot *True*.

Suspicions may the will of *Lust* restraine,
But *Good* preuents from hauing such a *Will*,
A *Wife* that's *Good*, doth *Chast and more* containe,
For *Chast* is but an *Abstinence* from ill:

And

And in a *Wife* that's *Bad*, although the *beſt*
Of qualities; yet in a *Good* the *leaſt*.

To barre the meanes is *Care*, not *Iealouſie*:
Some *lawfull* things to be auoyded are,
When they *occaſion* of *vnlawfull* be:
Luſt ere it hurts is beſt deſeride a farre:
Luſt is a ſinne *of two*; he that is ſure
Of *eyther* part, may be of *both* ſecure.

Giue me next *Good*, an *vnderſtanding Wife*,
By Nature *wiſe*, not *Learned* by much Art,
Some *Knowledge* on Her ſide, will all my life
More ſcope of conuerſation impart,
Beſides, Her inborne vertue fortifie,
They are moſt firmely good, that beſt know why.

A *paſsiue vnderſtanding* to conceiue,
And *Iudgement* to diſcerne; I wiſh to finde:
Beyond that, all as hazardous I leaue;
Learning, and *pregnant wit* in Woman-kinde,
What it findes malleable, maketh fraile,
And doth not adde more *ballaſt*, but more *ſaile*.

Domeſticke Charge doth beſt that *Sexe* befit,
Contiguous buſineſſe; ſo to fixe the Minde,
That *Leaſure* ſpace for *Fancies* not admit:
Their *Leaſure*'tis, corrupteth *Woman kinde*,
Elſe, being plac'd from many vices free,
They had to Heau'n a ſhorter cut then wee.

Bookes

Bookes are a part of Mans prerogatiue,
In formall Inke they *Thoughts* and *voyces* hold,
That we to them our solitude may giue,
And make *Time-present* trauell that of *old*.
Our life, *Fame* peeceth longer at the end,
And *Bookes* it farther backward doe extend.

As *good*, and *knowing*, let her be *Discreet*,
That, to the others *weight*, doth *Fashion* bring;
Discretion doth consider what is *Fit*,
Goodnesse but what is *lawfull*; but the *Thing*,
Not *Circumstances*; *Learning* is and *wit*,
In Men, but *curious folly without it*.

To keepe their Name, when'tis in others hands,
Discretion askes; their *Credit* is by farre
More *fraile* then *They*: on likely-hoods it stands,
And hard to be disprou'd, *Lusts slanders* are.
Their *Carriage*, not their *Chastitie* alone,
Must keepe their *Name* chaste from *suspition*.

Womens *Behauiour* is a surer barre
Then is their *No*: *That* fairely doth *denie*
Without *denying*; *thereby* kept they are
Safe eu'n from *Hope*; in part to blame is she,
Which hath *without consent* bin only tride;
He comes too *neere*, that comes *to be denide*.

Now since a *Woman* we to *Marrie* are,
A *Soule* and *Body*, not a *Soule* alone;

When

When one is *Good*, then be the other *Faire*;
Beauty is *Health*, and *Beautie*, both in one;
Be ſhe ſo faire, as change can yeeld no gaine;
So faire, as Shee moſt Women elſe containe.

So Faire at leaſt let me imagine Her;
That thought to *me* is *Truth*: *opinion*
Cannot in matter of *opinion* erre;
With no eyes ſhall I ſee her but *mine owne*.
And as my *Fancie Her* conceiues to be,
Euen ſuch my Senſes both, doe *Feele* and *See*.

The *Face* we may the ſeat of *Beautie* call,
In it the reliſh of the reſt doth lye,
Nay eu'n a figure of the *Minde* withall:
And of the *Face*, and *Life* moues in the *Eye*;
No things elſe, but *two*, ſo like we ſee,
So like, that they, *two* but in number, bee.

Beautie in *decent ſhape*, and *Coloures* lies,
Colours the *matter* are, and *ſhape* the *Soule*;
The *Soule*, which from no ſingle part doth riſe,
But from the iuſt proportion of the *whole*,
And is a meere *ſpirituall harmonie*,
Of euery part vnited in the *Eye*.

Loue is a kinde of *Superſtition*,
Which feares the Idoll which it ſelfe hath fram'd:
Luſt a Deſire, which rather from his *owne*
Temper, then from the obiect is inflam'd:

Beautie is Loues *obiect*; *Woman* Luſt's; to gaine
Loue, Loue Deſires; *Luſt* only to *obtaine*.

No circumſtance doth *Beautie* beautifie,
Like gracefull *faſhion*; natiue *Comelineſſe*,
Nay eu'n gets pardon for *Deformitie*;
Art cannot it beget, but may encreaſe;
When *Nature* had fixt *Beautie* perfect made,
Something ſhe left for *Motion* to adde.

But let that *Faſhion* more to *modeſtie*
Tend, then *Aſſurance*: *Modeſtie* doth ſet
The face in her iuſt place, from *Paſſions* free,
Tis both the *Mindes*, and *Bodies beautie* met;
But *Modeſtie*, no vertue can we ſee;
That, is the Faces only *Chaſtitie*.

Where *goodneſſe* failes, twixt ill and ill *that* ſtands:
Whence tis, that *Women*, though they weaker be,
And their deſires more ſtrong, yet on their hands
The *Chaſtitie* of *men* doth often lie:
Luſt would more common be then any one,
Could it, as other ſinnes, be done *alone*.

All theſe *good parts* a *Perfect women* make,
Adde *Loue to me*, they make a *Perfect Wife*,
Without her *Loue*, Her *Beautie* ſhould I take,
As that of *Pictures*; dead; *That* giues it life:
Till then, Her *Beautie* like the Sun doth ſhine
Alike to all; *That* makes it, onely *mine*.

And

And of that *Loue*, let *Reaſon Father* be,
And *Paſsion Mother*; let it from the one
His *Being* take, the other his *Degree*;
Selfe-loue (which ſecond Loues are built vpon)
Will make *me* (if not *Her*) her loue reſpect,
No Man, but fauours his owne worths effect.

As *Good*, and *wiſe*; ſo be ſhe *Fit* for me.
That is, To *will*, and *Not to Will* the ſame,
My *Wife* is my *Adopted-ſelfe*, and ſhee
As Mee, ſo what I loue, to Loue muſt frame.
For when by Marriage, both in one concurre,
Woman conuerts to Man, not Man to her.

FINIS.

The Authors Epitaph written by himſelfe.

THe Span of my dayes meaſur'd, heere I reſt,
That is, my body; but my ſoule, his gueſt,
Is hence aſcended, whither, neyther Time,
Nor Faith, nor Hope, but onely Loue can clime;
Where being now enlightned, She doth know
The Truth of all, men argue of below:
Onely this duſt doth here in Pawne remaine,
That, when the world diſſolues, ſhe come againe.

Chara-

Characters,

OR

Wittie deſcriptions of the pro-perties of ſundry perſons.

A good Woman.

A Good Woman is a comfort, like a man. Shee lackes of him nothing but heat. Thence is her ſweetneſſe of diſpoſition which meets his ſtoutneſſe more pleaſingly; ſo wooll meets iron eaſier then iron, & turnes reſiſting into embracing. Her greateſt learning is religion, and her thoughts are on her owne *Sexe*, or on *Men*, without caſting the difference. *Diſhoneſty* neuer comes neerer than her eares, & then wonder ſtops it out, and ſaues vertue the labour. Shee leaues the neat *youth*, telling his *luſhious* tales, and puts backe the *Seruingmans* putting forward,

with a frowne: yet her kindneſſe is free enough to be ſeene, for it hath no guilt about it: and her mirth is cleare, that you may looke through it, into vertue, but not beyond. Shee hath not behauiour at a certaine, but makes it to her occaſion. She hath ſo much knowledge as to loue it, and if ſhee haue it not at home, ſhe will fetch it, for this ſometimes in a pleaſant diſcontent ſhe dares chide her *Sexe*, though ſhee vſe it neuer the worſe. Shee is much within, & frames outward things to her minde, not her minde to them. Shee weares good clothes, but neuer better; for ſhe findes no degree beyond *Decencie*. She hath a content of her owne, and ſo ſeekes not an husband, but findes him. She is indeed moſt, but not much of deſcription, for ſhe is direct and one, and hath not the varietie of ill. Now ſhe is giuen freſh and aliue to a husband, and ſhee doth nothing more then loue him, for ſhe takes him to that purpoſe. So his good becomes the buſineſſe of her actions, and ſhee doth her ſelfe kindneſſe vpon him. After his, her chiefeſt vertue is a good husband. For *She is He.*

A very Woman.

A *very Woman*, is a dow-bakt man, or a *She* meant well towards man, but fell two bowes ſhort, *ſtrength* & *vnderſtanding*. Her vertue is the hedge, *Modeſtie*, that keepes a man from climbing ouer into her faults. Shee ſimpers as if ſhee had no teeth, but lips: and ſhee diuides her eyes, & keeps halfe for her ſelfe, & giues the other to her neat *Youth*. Being ſet downe, ſhee caſts her face into a platforme, which dureth the meale, and is taken away with the voyder. Her draught reacheth to good manners, not to thirſt, and it is a part of their myſterie not to profeſſe hunger; but *Nature* takes her in priuat & ſtretcheth her vpon meat. She is *Marriageable* & *Fourteene* at once; and after ſhe doth not liue, but tarrie. She reads ouer her face euery morning, & ſometimes blots out pale, and writes red. Shee thinkes ſhee is faire, though many times her opinion goes alone, and ſhe loues her glaſſe, & the knight of the Sunne for lying. Shee is hid away all but her face, and that's hang'd about with toyes & deuices, like the ſigne of a Tauerne, to draw *Strangers*. If ſhe ſhew more, ſhe pre-

uents desire, and by too free giuing, leaues no *Gift*. She may escape from the Seruingman, but not from the Chamber-mayde. She commits with her eares for certaine: after that she may goe for a mayde, but shee hath beene lyen with in her vnderstanding. Her *Philosophie*, is a seeming neglect of those, that be too good for her. She's a yonger brother for her portion, but not for her portion of wit, that comes from her in a treble, which is still too bigge for it; yet her *Vanitie* seldome matcheth her, with one of her owne degree, for then shee will beget another creature a begger: and commonly, if she marry better, shee marries worse. Shee gets much by the simplicitie of her Sutor, and for a iest, laughes at him without one. Thus she dresses a Husband for her selfe, & after takes him for his patience, & the Land adioyning, yee may see it, in a Seruingmans fresh *Napery*, and his Leg-steps into an vnknowne stocking. I neede not speake of his *Garters*, the tassell shewes it selfe. If she loue, she loues not the Man, but the beast of him. She is *Salomons* cruell creature, and a mans walking consumption: euery candle shee

giues

giues him, is a purge. Her chiefe commendation is, she brings a man to repentance.

Her next part.

Her lightnesse gets her to swim at top of the table, where her wrie little finger bewraies *caruing*; her neighbours at the latter end know they are welcome, and for that purpose she quencheth her thirst. She trauels to and among, and so becomes a woman of good entertainment, for all the folly in the Countrie comes in cleane Linnen to visit her: she breaks to them her griefe in Suger cakes, and receiues from their mouthes in exchange, many stories that conclude to no purpose. Her eldest Sonne is like her howsoeuer, and that displayseth him best: her vtmost drift is to turne him Foole, which commonly she obtaines at the yeares of discretion. Shee takes a iourney sometimes to her Neeces house, but neuer thinkes beyond *London*. Her *Deuotion* is good clothes, they carry her to Church, expresse their stuffe and fashion, and are silent; if she be more deuout, she lifts vp a certaine number of eies in stead

of

of prayers, and takes the Sermon, and measures out a nap by it, iuſt as long. She ſends Religion afore to *Sixtie*, where ſhee neuer ouertakes it, or driues it before her againe: Her moſt neceſſary inſtruments are a *waiting-Gentlewoman*, and a *Chamber-mayde*; ſhe weares her Gentlewoman ſtill, but moſt often leaues the other in her chamber-window. She hath a little *Kennell* in her lap, and ſhee ſmels the ſweeter for it. The vtmoſt reach of her *Prouidence*, is the fatneſſe of a Capon, and her greateſt enuie, is the next Gentle-womans better Gowne. Her moſt commendable skill, is to make her Huſbands fuſtian beare her Veluet. This ſhee doth many times ouer, and then is deliuered to olde Age and not a Chaire, where euerie body leaues her.

A Diſſembler.

IS an eſſence needing a double definition, for he is not that he appeares. Vnto the eye hee is pleaſing, vnto the eare not harſh, but to the vnderſtanding intricate, and full of windings: hee is the *prima materia*, and his intents giue him forme: hee dyeth his

meanes

meanes and his meaning into two colours, he bayts craft with humilitie, and his countenance is the picture of the preſent diſpoſition. He winnes not by battery, but vndermining, and his racke is ſmoothing. Hee allures, is not allur'd by his affections, for they are the brokers of his obſeruation. Hee knowes paſsion onely by ſufferance, and reſiſteth by obeying. Hee makes his time an accomptant to his memory, and of the humors of men weaues a net for occaſion: the Inquiſitor muſt looke thorow his iudgement, for to the eye onely hee is not viſible.

A Courtier.

TO all mens thinking is a man, and to moſt men the fineſt: all things elſe are defined by the vnderſtanding, but this by the ſences; but his ſureſt marke is, that he is to be found onely about Princes. He ſmels; and putteth away much of his iudgement about the ſituation of his clothes. Hee knows no man that is not generally known. His wit, like the *Marigold*, openeth with the *Sunne*, and therefore he riſeth not before ten

of

of the clocke. Hee puts more confidence in his wordes than meaning, and more in his pronunciation than his wordes. *Occaſion* is his *Cupid*, and hee hath but one receipt of making loue. He followes nothing but inconſtancy, admires nothing but beauty, honours nothing but fortune. Loues nothing. The ſuſtenauce of his diſcourſe is Newes, and his cenſure like a ſhot depends vpon the charging. He is not, if he be out of Court, but fiſh-like breathes deſtruction, if out of his owne element. Neyther his motion, or aſpect are regular, but hee moues by the vpper *Spheres*, and is the reflection of higher ſubſtances. If you finde him not here, you ſhall in *Pauls*, with a picke-tooth in his Hat, a cape cloke, and a long ſtocking.

A Golden Aſſe

IS a young thing, whoſe Father went to the Deuill; he is followed like a ſalt bitch, and limb'd by him that gets vp firſt; his diſpoſition is cut, and knaues rent him like Tenter-hookes; hee is as blinde as his mother, and ſwallowes flatterers for friends.

He

Hee is high in his owne imagination; but that imagination is as a ſtone, that is raiſed by violence, deſcends naturally. When hee goes, hee lookes who lookes: if hee findes not good ſtore of vailers, hee comes home ſtiffe and ſeer, vntill hee bee new oyled and watered by his husbandman. Whereſoeuer he eats he hath an officer, to warne men not to talke out of his element, and his owne is exceeding ſenſible, becauſe it is ſenſuall; but hee cannot exchange a peece of reaſon, though he can a peece of gold. He is naught pluckt, for his feathers are his beautie, and more then his beautie, they are his diſcretion, his countenance, his All. He is now at an end, for he hath had the Wolfe of vaine-glory, which he fed, vntill himſelfe became the food.

A Flatterer

IS *the ſhadow of a Foole.* He is a good wood-man, for he ſingleth out none but the wealthy. His carriage is euer of the colour of his patient; and for his ſake hee will halt or weare a wrie necke. He diſpraiſeth nothing but pouertie, and ſmall drinke, and praiſeth his

his grace of making water. He ſelleth himſelfe, with reckoning his great Friends, and teacheth the preſent, how to winne his praiſes by reciting the others gifts: he is readie for all imployments, but eſpecially before Dinner, for his courage and his ſtomacke goe together. Hee will play any vpon his countenance, & where he cannot be admitted for a counſeller, he will ſerue as a foole. He frequents the Court of Wards and Ordinaries, & fits theſe gueſts of *Toga Virilis*, with wiues or whores. Hee entreth young men into acquaintance & debt bookes. In a word, he is the impreſsion of the laſt terme, and will be ſo, vntill the comming of a new terme or termer.

An ignorant Glory hunter.

IS an *inſectum animal*; for hee is the maggot of opinion, his behauiour is another thing from himſelfe, and is glewed, and but ſet on. He entertaines men with repetitions, and returnes them their owne wordes. Hee is ignorant of nothing, no not of thoſe things, where ignorance is the leſſer ſhame.

He

Hee gets the names of good wits, and vtters them for his companions. He confeſſeth vices that hee is guiltleſſe of, if they bee in faſhion; and dares not ſalute a man in olde clothes, or out of faſhion. There is not a publicke aſſembly without him, and hee will take any paines for an acquaintance there. In any ſhew hee will be one, though hee be but a whifler, or a torch bearer; and beares downe ſtrangers with the ſtory of his actions. He handles nothing that is not rare, & defends his wardrobe, diet, and all cuſtomes, with entitling their beginnings from Princes, great Souldiers and ſtrange Nations. He dares ſpeake more then hee vnderſtands, and aduentures his wordes without the releeſe of any ſeconds. Hee relates battles and skirmiſhes, as from an eye witneſſe, when his eyes theeuiſly beguiled a ballad of them. In a word, to make ſure of admiration, hee will not let himſelfe vnderſtand himſelfe, but hopes fame & opinion will be the Readers of his Ridles.

A Timiſt.

IS *a Noune Adiectiue of the preſent tenſe.* He hath no more of a conſcience then Feare, and

and his religion is not his but the Princes. Hee reuerenceth a Courtiers Seruants ſeruant. Is firſt his owne Slaue, and then whoſoeuer looketh big: when he giues hee curſeth, and when hee ſels hee worſhips. Hee reades the ſtatutes in his chamber, & weares the Bible in the ſtreetes: he neuer prayſeth any but before themſelues or friends: and miſſikes no great mans actions during his life. His new-yeares gifts are ready at *Alhalomas*, and the ſute hee meant to meditate before them. Hee pleaſeth the children of great men, and promiſeth to adopt them; and his curteſie extends it ſelfe euen to the ſtable. Hee ſtraines to talke wiſely, and his modeſtie would ſerue a Bride. He is grauity from the head to the foote; but not from the head to the heart; you may finde what place he affecteth, for he creepes as neere it as may be, and paſsionately courts it; if at any time his hopes are effected, he ſwelleth with them; and they burſt out too good for the veſſell. In a word, he danceth to the tune of fortune, and ſtudies for nothing but to keepe time.

An

An Amoriſt.

IS a certaine blaſted or planet-ſtroken, and is the Dog that leads blinde *Cupid*; when hee is at the beſt, his faſhion exceeds the worth of his weight. Hee is neuer without verſes and muske confects; and ſighs to the hazard of his buttons, his eyes are all white, eyther to weare the liuerie of his Miſtris complexion, or to keepe *Cupid* from hitting the blacke Hee fights with paſsion, and loſeth much of his bloud by his weapon; dreames, thence his paleneſſe. His armes are careleſly vſed, as if their beſt vſe were nothing but embracements. He is vntruſt, vnbottoned, and vngartered, not out of careleſneſſe, but care; his fartheſt end being but going to bed. Sometimes he wraps his petition in neatneſſe, but it goeth not alone; for then he makes ſome other qualitie moralize his affection, and his trimneſſe is the grace of that grace. Her fauour lifts him vp, as the Sun moiſture; when ſhee diſfauours, vnable to hold that happineſſe, it fals downe in teares; his fingers are his Orators, and he expreſſeth much of himſelfe vpon ſome inſtrument. Hee anſwers not, or not to the pur-

poſe; and no maruell, for he is not at home. Hee ſcotcheth time with dancing with his Miſtris, taking vp of her gloue, and wearing her feather; he is confinde to her colour, and dares not paſſe out of the circuit of her memorie. His imagination is a foole, and it goeth in a pide-coat of red and white; ſhortly, he is tranſlated out of a man into folly; his imagination is the glaſſe of luſt, & himſelfe the traytor of his owne diſcretion.

An Affectate Traueller.

IS a ſpeaking faſhion; hee hath taken paines to bee ridiculous, and hath ſeene more then hee hath perceiued. His attire ſpeakes *French* or *Italian*, and his *gate* cries, *Behold me.* He cenſures all things by countenances, and ſhrugs, and ſpeakes his owne language with ſhame and liſping: hee will choake rather than confeſſe *Beere* good drinke: and his pick-tooth is a maine part of his behauiour. Hee chuſeth rather to be counted a *Spie*, than not a *Politician*: and maintaines his reputation by naming great men familiarly. Hee chuſeth rather to tell

lies,

lies, then not wonders, and talkes with men ſingly: his diſcourſe ſounds big, but meanes nothing: and his boy is bound to admire him howſoeuer. He comes ſtill from great Perſonages, but goes with meane. He takes occaſion to ſhew iewels giuen him in regard of his vertue, that were bought in S. *Martines*: and not long after hauing with a *Mountbankes* method, pronounced them worth thouſands, empawneth them for a few ſhillings. Vpon feſtiuall dayes he goes to Court, and ſalutes without reſaluting: at night in the Ordinarie he canuaſſeth the buſineſſe in hand, and ſeemes as conuerſant with all intents and plots, as if hee begot them. His extraordinarie account of men is, firſt to tell them the ends of all matters of conſequence, and then to borrow money of them; hee offereth courteſies, to ſhew them, rather then himſelfe humble. He diſdaines all things aboue his reach, and preferreth all Countries before his owne. Hee imputeth his want and pouertie to the ignorance of the time, not his owne vnworthineſſe: and concludes his diſcourſe with halfe a period, or a word, and leaues the reſt

to imagination. In a word, his religion is faſhion, and both body and ſoule are gouerned by fame, hee loues moſt voyces aboue truth.

A Wiſeman.

IS the truth of true definition of man, that man that is, a reaſonable creature. His diſpoſition alters, hee alters not. Hee hides himſelfe with the attire of the vulgar; and in his indifferent things is content to be gouerned by them. He lookes according to nature, ſo goes his behauiour. His minde enioyes a continuall ſmoothneſſe: ſo it commeth it, that his conſideration is alwayes at home. Hee endures the faults of all men ſilently, except his friends, and to them he is the mirrour of their actions; by this meanes his peace commeth not from fortune, but himſelfe. He is cunning in men, not to ſurprize but keepe his owne, and beats off their ill affected humours, no otherwiſe than if they were flies. Hee chuſeth not friends by the ſubſidie-booke, & is not luxurious after acquaintance. Hee maintaines the ſtrength of his body, not by delicacies, but temperance;

ſance; and his minde by giuing it prehemi-
nence ouer his body. He vnderſtands things
not by their forme, but qualities; and his
compariſons intend not to excuſe, but to
prouoke him higher. Hee is not ſubiect to
caſualties, for Fortune hath nothing to doe
with the minde, except thoſe drowned in
the body: but hee hath deuided his ſoule,
from the caſe of his ſoule, whoſe weakneſſe
he aſsiſts no otherwiſe than commiſeratiue-
ly, not that it is his, but that it is He is thus,
and will be thus: and liues ſubiect neyther
to Time nor his frailties; the ſeruant of ver-
tue, and by vertue, the friend of the higheſt.

A Noble Spirit.

HAth ſurueyed and fortified his diſpoſi-
tion, and conuerts all occurrents into
experience, betweene which experience and
his reaſon, there is marriage; the iſſue are
his actions. He circuits his intents, and ſeeth
the end before he ſhoot. Men are the inſtru-
ments of his Art, and there is no man with-
out his vſe: occaſion incites him, none en-
ticeth him: and he moues by affection, not

for affection; he loues glory, ſcornes ſhame, and gouerneth and obeyeth with one countenance, for it comes from one conſideration. Hee cals not the varietie of the world chances, for his meditation hath trauelled ouer them; and his eye mounted vpon his vnderſtanding, ſeeth them as things vnderneth. Hee couers not his body with delicacies, nor excuſeth theſe delicacies by his body, but teacheth it, ſince it is not able to defend its owne imbecilitie, to ſhew or ſuffer. Hee licenceth not his weakneſſe, to weare Fate, but knowing reaſon to be no idle gift of Nature, he is the Steeres-man of his own deſtinie. Truth is his Goddeſſe, and he takes paines to get her, not to looke like her. Hee knowes the condition of the world, that he muſt act one thing like another, and then another. To theſe he carries his deſires, and not his deſires him; and ſtickes not faſt by the way (for that contentment is repentance) but knowing the circle of all courſes, of all intents, of all things, to haue but one center or period, without all diſtraction, he haſteth thither and ends there, as his true & naturall element. Hee doth not contemne.

For-

Fortune, but not confeſſe her. Hee is no Gameſter of the world (which onely complaine and prayſe her) but being onely ſenſible of the honeſtie of actions, contemnes a particular profit as the excrement or ſcum. Vnto the ſocietie of men hee is a *Sunne*, whoſe cleereneſſe directs their ſteps in a regular motion: when he is more particular, he is the wiſe mans friend, the example of the indifferent, the medicine of the vicious. Thus time goeth not from him, but with him: & hee feeles age more by the ſtrength of his ſoule, than the weakneſſe of his body: thus feeles he no paine, but eſteemes all ſuch things as friends, that deſire to file off his fetters and helpe him out of priſon.

An old man

IS a thing that hath beene a man in his dayes. Old men are to be knowne blindfolded: for their talke is as terrible as their reſemblance. They prayſe their owne times as vehemently, as if they would ſell them. They become wrinckled with frowning & facing youth; they admire their olde cu-

ſtomes, euen to the eating of red hering, and going wetſhood. They call the thumbe vnder the girdle, Grauitie and becauſe they can hardly ſmell at all, their Poſies are vnder their girdles. They count it an ornament of ſpeech, to cloſe the period with a cough; & it is venerable (they ſay) to ſpend time in wiping their driueled beards. Their diſcourſes is vnanſwerable, by reaſon of their obſtinacie: their ſpeech is much, though little to purpoſe. Truths and lies paſſe with an equall affirmation, for their memories ſeuerall is wonne into one receptacle, and ſo they come out with one ſenſe. They teach their ſeruants their duties with as much ſcorne & tyrannie, as ſome people teach their dogs to fetch. Their enuie is one of their diſeaſes. They put off and on their clothes with that certaintie, as if they knew their heads would not direct them, & therfore cuſtome ſhould. They take a pride in halting & going ſtiffely, and therefore their ſtaues are carued and tipped: they truſt their attire with much of their grauitie; and they dare not goe without a gowne in Summer. Their Hats are bruſhed to draw mens eyes off from their faces;

faces; but of all, their *Pomanders* are worne to moſt purpoſe, for their putrified breath ought not to want eyther a ſmell to defend, or a dog to excuſe.

A Countrie Gentleman.

IS a thing out of whoſe corruption the generation of a Iuſtice of peace is produced Hee ſpeakes ſtatutes and husbandry well enough, to make his neighbonrs think him a wiſe man, he is well skilled in *Arithmeticke* or rates: and hath eloquence enough to ſaue two pence. His conuerſation amongſt his Tenants is deſperate; but amongſt his equals full of doubt. His trauell is ſeldome farther then the next market Towne, and his inquiſition is about the price of Corne: when he trauelleth, he will goe ten mile out of the way to a Couſins houſe to ſaue charges; and rewards the ſeruants by taking them by the hand when hee departs. Nothing vnder a *Subpena* can draw him to *London*: and when hee is there, hee ſtickes faſt vpon euery obiect, caſts his eyes away vpon gazing, and becomes the prey of

euerie

euerie Cutpurſe. When hee comes home, thoſe wonders ſerue him for his Holy-day talke. If he go to Court, it is in yellow ſtockings; and if it be in Winter in a ſlight tafetie cloake, and pumps and pantofles. Hee is chained that wooes the vſher for his comming into the preſence, where hee becomes troubleſome with the ill managing of his Rapier and the wearing of his girdle of one faſhion, and the hangers of another; by this time he hath learned to kiſſe his hand, and make a legge both together, and the names of Lords and Counſellors; he hath thus much toward entertainment & courteſie, but of the laſt he makes more vſe; for by the recitall of *my Lord*, hee coniures his poore Countrymen. But this is not his element, hee muſt home againe, being like a Dor, that ends his flight in a dunghill.

A fine Gentleman

IS *the Cynnamon Tree*, whoſe barke is more worth then his body. Hee hath read the Booke of good manners, and by this time each of his limbs may read it. He alloweth

of

of no iudge but the eye; painting, boulſtring, and bombaſting are his *Oratours*: by theſe alſo he proues his induſtry: for he purchaſed legs, haire, beautie, and ſtraightneſſe, more then nature left him. Hee vnlockes maiden-heads with his language, and ſpeaks *Euphues*, not ſo gracefully as heartily. His diſcourſe makes not his behauiour, but hee buyes it at Court, as Countreymen their clothes in *Birchinlane*. He is ſomewhat like the *Salamander*, and liues in the flame of loue, which paines he expreſſeth comically: and nothing grieues him ſo much, as the want of a Poet to make an iſſue in his loue; yet he ſighes ſweetely, and ſpeakes lamentably: for his breath is perfumed, & his words are winde. He is beſt in ſeaſon at Chriſtmas; for the Boares head and Reueller come together; his hopes are laden in his qualitie: & leaſt fidlers ſhould take him vnprouided, he weares pumps in his pocket: and leaſt hee ſhould take Fidlers vnprouided, he whiſtles his owne Galliard. He is a Calender of ten yeares, and marriage ruſts him. Afterwards hee maintaines himſelfe an implement of houſhold, by caruing and vſhering. For all this,

this, hee is iudiciall onely in Taylors and Barbers, but his opinion is euer ready, and euer idle. If you will know more of his acts, the Brokers ſhop is the witneſſe of his valour, where lies wounded, dead, rent, and out of faſhion, many a ſpruce Sute, ouerthrowne by his fantaſtickneſſe.

An Elder Brother

IS a Creature borne to the beſt aduantage of things without him, that hath the ſtart at the beginning, but loyters it away before the ending. He lookes like his Land, as heauily, and durtily, as ſtubbornly. Hee dares doe any thing but fight; and feares nothing but his Fathers life and minoritie. The firſt thing he makes knowne his eſtate, and the Loadſtone that drawes him is the vpper end of the Table. He wooeth by a particular, & his ſtrongeſt argument is the ioynture. His obſeruation is all about the faſhion, and he commends Partlets for a rare deuice. Hee ſpeakes no language, but ſmels of dogs or hawkes: & his ambition flies Iuſtice-height. He loues to be commended, and he will goe

into

into the Kitchin, but heele haue it. He loues glory, but is ſo lazie, as hee is content with flattery. Hee ſpeakes moſt of precedencie of age, & proteſts fortune the greateſt vertue. He ſummoneth the olde ſeruants, and tels what ſtrange acts hee will doe when hee raignes. Hee verily beleeues houſe-keepers the beſt common-wealths men; and therefore ſtudies baking, brewing, greaſing, and ſuch as the limmes of goodneſſe. Hee iudgeth it no ſmall ſigne of wiſdome to talk much; his tongue therefore goes continually his errand, but neuer ſpeeds. If his vnderſtanding were no honeſter then his will, no man ſhould keepe good conceit by him; for he thinkes it no theft, to ſell all hee can to opinion. His pedegree and his fathers ſealering, are the ſtilts of his crazed diſpoſition. Hee had rather keepe company with the dregs of men, then not to be the beſt man. His inſinuation is the inuiting of men to his houſe; and he thinkes it a great modeſty to comprehend his cheere vnder a peece of Mutton and a Rabet; if hee by this time be not knowne, hee will goe home againe: for he can no more abide to haue himſelfe concealed,

cealed, then his land; yet he is (as you see) good for nothing: except to make a stallion to maintaine the race.

A Braggadochio Welshman.

IS the Oyster that the Pearle is in, for a man may be pickt out of him. Hee hath the abilities of the minde in *Potentia*, and *actu* nothing but boldnesse. His clothes are in fashion before his body: and he accounts boldnesse the chiefest vertue; aboue all men he loues an Herrald, and speakes pedegrees naturally. Hee accounts none well descended, that call him not Couzen; and preferres *Owen Glendower* before any of the nine Worthies. The first note of his familiarity is the confession of his valour; and so hee preuents quarrels. Hee voucheth Welch, a pure and vnconquered language, & courts Ladies with the story of their Chronicle. To conclude, he is precious in his owne conceit, and vpon *S. Danies* day without comparison.

A Pedant

HE treads in a rule, and one hand scannes verses, and the other holds his Scepter.

He

He dares not thinke a thought that the Nominatiue caſe gouernes not the Verbe; and he neuer had meaning in his life, for he trauelled onely for words. His ambition is *Criticiſme*, and his example *Tully*. Hee values phraſes, and elects them by the ſound, and the eight parts of ſpeech are his Seruants. To be briefe, he is a *Heteroclite*, for he wants the plurall number, hauing onely the ſingle qualitie of words.

A Seruingman.

IS *a creature, which though he be not drunke, yet is not his owne man.* Hee tels without asking who ownes him, by the ſuperſcription of his Liuery. His life is, for eaſe and leiſure, much about *Gentleman-like.* His wealth enough to ſuffice Nature, and ſufficient to make him happy, if he were ſure of it; for he hath little, and wants nothing. hee values himſelfe higher or lower, as his Maſter is. He hates or loues the men, as his Maſter doth the Maſter. Hee is commonly proud of his Maſters horſes or his Chriſtmas; hee ſleepes when he is ſleepy, is of his religion

teligion, onely the clocke of his ſtomacke is ſet to goe an houre after his Hee ſeldome breakes his owne clothes. He neuer drinkes but double, for he muſt be pledg'd; nor commonly without ſome ſhort ſentence nothing to the purpoſe. and ſeldome abſtaines till he come to a thirſt. His diſcretion is to bee carefull for his Maſters credit, and his ſufficiencie to marſhall diſhes at a Table, and to carue well. His neatneſſe conſiſts much in his haire and outward linnen. His courting language, viſible baudy ieſts; & againſt his matter faile, he is alway ready furniſhed with a ſong. His inheritance is the Chamber-mayde, but often purchaſeth his Maſters daughter, by reaſon of opportunitie or for want of a better: hee alwayes cuckolds himſelfe, and neuer marries but his owne widdow. His Maſter being appeal'd, he becomes a Retainer, & entailes himſelfe & his poſteritie vpon his heire-males for euer.

An Hoſt

IS the kernell of a Signe: or the Signe is the ſhell, and *mine Hoſt* is the Snayle. He con-

conſiſts of double beere and fellowſhip, and his vices are the bawds of his thirſt. He entertaines humbly, & giues his gueſts power, as well of himſelfe as houſe. He anſwers all mens expectations to his power, ſaue in the recknoning: and hath gotten the tricke of greatneſſe, to lay all miſlikes vpon his ſeruants. His wife is the *Cummin ſeede* of his Doue-houſe; and to bee a good Gueſt is a warrant for her libertie. Hee traffickes for Gueſts by mens friends, friends friend, and is ſenſible onely of his purſe. In a word, hee is none of his owne: for hee neyther eates, drinkes, or thinkes, but at other mens charges and appointments.

An Oſtler

IS *a thing that ſcrubbeth vnreaſonably his horſe, reaſonably himſelfe.* Hee conſiſts of Trauellers, though he be none himſelfe. His higheſt ambition is to bee *Hoſt*, and the inuention of his ſigne is his greateſt wit: for the expreſsing whereof he ſends away the Painters for want of vnderſtanding. Hee hath certaine charmes for a horſe mouth,

and ſpawles, and turnes like ſicke men from one elbow to another, and deſetues as much pitty during his torture, as men in fits of *Tertian feuers*, or ſelfe-laſhing Penitentiaries. In a word, rippe him quite aſunder, and examine euery ſhred of him, you ſhall finde him to bee iuſt nothing, but the ſubiect of nothing: the obiect of contempt; yet ſuch as he is you muſt take him, for there is no hope he ſhould euer become better.

A good Wife

IS a mans beſt moueable, aſcien incorporate with the ſtocke, bringing ſweet fruit; one that to her husband is more than a friend, leſſe than trouble: an equall with him in the yoake. Calamities and troubles ſhee ſhares alike, nothing pleaſeth her that doth not pleaſe him. Shee is relatiue in all, and he without her, but halfe himſelfe. Shee is his abſent hands, eyes, eares, and mouth: his preſent and abſent All. Shee frames her nature vnto his howſoeuer: the *Hiacinth* followes not the *Sun* more willingly. Stubborneſſe and obſtinacie are herbs that grow not

not in her garden. Shee leaues tatling to the Goſsips of the Towne, and is more ſeene than heard. Her houſhold is her charge, her care to that, makes her ſeldome *non reſident*. Her pride is but to be cleanely, and her thrift not to bee prodigall. By his diſcretion ſhee hath children not wantons; a husband without her, is a miſery in mans apparell: none but ſhe hath an aged husband, to whom ſhe is both a ſtaffe and a chaire. To conclude, ſhe is both wiſe and religious, which makes her all this.

A Melancholy Man.

IS a ſtrayer from the droue: one that Nature made a ſociable, becauſe ſhe made him man, and a crazed diſpoſition hath altered. Impleaſing to all, as all to him; ſtragling thoughts are his content, they make him dreame waking, there's his pleaſure. His imagination is neuer idle, it keepes his mind in a continuall motion, as the poiſe the clocke; hee windes vp his thoughts often, and as often vnwindes them; *Penelopes* web thriues faſter. He'le ſeldome be found without the ſhade of ſome groue, in whoſe bot-

horſe followes trace. Both the Muſes and the Graces are his hard Miſtreſſes, though he daily inuocate them, though he ſacrifice *Hecatombs*, they ſtill looke aſquint. You ſhall note him oft (beſides his dull eye, and lowting head, and a certaine clammy benummed pace) by a faire diſplayed Beard, a night Cap, and a Gowne, whoſe verie wrinckles proclayme him the true *Genius* of formalitie. But of all others his diſcourſe, and compoſitions beſt ſpeake him, both of them are much of one ſtuffe and faſhion. He ſpeakes iuſt what his bookes or laſt company ſaid vnto him, without varying one white, and very ſeldome vnderſtands himſelfe. You may know by his diſcourſe where hee was laſt, for what hee heard or read yeſterday, he now diſchargeth his memory or Notebooke of, not his vnderſtanding, for it neuer came there. What hee hath he flings abroad at all aduentures, without accommodating it to time, place, perſons, or occaſions. Hee commonly loſeth himſelfe in his tale, & flutters vp and downe windleſſe without recouerie, & whatſoeuer next preſents it ſelfe, his heauy conceit ſeizeth vpon,

and

and goeth along with, how euer *Heterogeneall* to his matter in hand. His Iests are eyther old ſtead *Prouerbs*, or leane-ſteru'd hackney *Apothegmes*, or poore verball quips, outworne by Seruingmen, Tapſters, and Milkemaydes, euen layd aſide by Balladers. He aſſents to all men that bring any ſhadow of reaſon, and you may make him when he ſpeakes moſt Dogmatically euen with one breath to auerre poore contradictions. His compoſitions differ onely *terminorum poſitione* from dreames; nothing but rude heapes of immateriall, incoherent, droſsie, rubbiſh ſtuffe, promiſcuouſly thruſt vp together. Enough to infuſe dulneſſe and barrenneſſe of conceit into him that is ſo prodigall of his eares as to giue the hearing. Enough to make a mans memory ake with ſuffering ſuch durtie ſtuffe caſt into it. As vnwelcome to any true conceit, as ſluttiſh morſels, or wallowiſh potions to a nice ſtomacke, which whiles hee empties himſelfe of, it ſtickes in his teeth, nor can he bee deliuered without ſweat, and ſighes, & hems, and coughs, enough to ſhake his Grandams teeth out of her head. He ſpits, & ſcratches,

that hee ſhould not eate his hay: and behinde your backe, hee will cozen your horſe to his face. His curry-combe is one of his beſt parts, for hee expreſſeth much by the gingling: and his mane combe is a ſpiners card turn'd out of ſeruice. Hee puffes and blowes ouer your horſe, to the hazard of a double lugge: and leaues much of the dreſſing to the prouerbe of *Mulis mutuo ſcabient*, One horſe rubs another. He comes to him that cals lowdeſt, not firſt; he takes a broken head patiently, but the knaue he feeles not. His vtmoſt honeſty is good fellowſhip, and hee ſpeakes Northerne, what countrey man ſoeuer. Hee hath a penſion of Ale from the next *Smith* and *Sadler* for intelligence: hee loues to ſee you ride, and holds your ſtirrop in expectation.

The true Character of a Dunce.

HE hath a ſoule drownd in a lumpe of fleſh, or is a peece of earth that *Prometheus* put not halfe his proportion of fire into. A thing that hath neyther edge of deſire, nor feeling of affection in it; the moſt dangerous

gerous creature for confirming an Atheiſt, who would ſweare his ſoule were nothing but the bare temperature of his body. Hee ſleepes as hee goes, and his thoughts ſeldome reach an inch further then his eyes. The moſt part of the faculties of his ſoule lie fallow, or are like the reſtiue Iades, that no ſpur can driue forwards towards the purſuit of any worthy deſignes. One of the moſt vnprofitable of Gods creatures being as he is, a thing put cleane beſides his right vſe, made fit for the cart and the flayle; and by miſchance intangled amongſt bookes & papers. A man cannot tell poſsibly what he is now good for, ſaue to moue vp & downe and fill roome, or to ſerue as *animatum inſtrumentum*, for others to worke withall in baſe imployments, or to bee foyle for better wits, or to ſerue (as they ſay Monſters doe) to ſet out the varietie of nature, and ornament of the vniuerſe. He is meere nothing of himſelfe, neyther eates, nor drinkes, nor goes, nor ſpits, but by Imitation, for all which hee hath ſet-formes and faſhions, which hee neuer varies, but ſtickes to with the like plodding conſtancie, that a Mill-

tome a riuer dwels. He carries a cloud in his face, neuer faire weather: his outside is framed to his inside, in that hee keepes a *Decorum*, both vnseemely. Speake to him; hee heares with his eies, eares follow his minde, and that's not at leasure. Hee thinkes businesse, but neuer does any: he is all contemplation, no action. Hee hewes and fashions his thoughts, as if hee meant them to some purpose, but they proue vnprofitable, as a peece of wrought timber to no vse. His Spirits and the Sunne are enemies; the Sunne bright and warme, his humour blacke and cold: varietie of foolish apparitions people his head, they suffer him not to breathe, according to the necessities of nature; which makes him sup vp a draught of as much ayre at once, as would serue at thrice. Hee denies nature her due in sleepe, and ouerpayes her with watchfulnesse: nothing pleaseth him long, but that which pleaseth his owne fantasies: they are the consuming euils, and euill consumptions that consume him aliue. Lastly, he is a man onely in shew, but comes short of the better part; a a whole reasonable soule, which is mans

chiefe

chiefe preheminence, and ſole marke from creatures ſenſible.

A Saylor

IS a pitcht peece of reaſon calckt & tackled, and onely ſtudied to diſpute with tempeſts. He is part of his owne Prouiſion, for he liues euer pickled. Afore-winde is the ſubſtance of his Creed; and freſh water the burden of his prayers. Hee is naturally ambitious, for he is euer climing: out of which as naturally he feares; for he is euer flying: time and hee are euery where, euer contending who ſhall arriue firſt: hee is well winded, for hee tires the day, and out-runnes darkneſſe. His life is like a *Hawkes*, the beſt part mewed; and if he liue till three coates, is a Maſter. Hee ſees Gods wonders in the deepe: but ſo as rather they appeare his playfellowes, than ſtirrers of his zeale: nothing but hunger and hard rockes can conuert him, and then but his vpper decke neyther; for his hold, ney ther feares nor hopes, his ſleepes are but repreeuals of his dangers, and when he awakes, tis but next ſtage to dying.

His

man; like a true mongrell, he neyther bites nor barkes, but when your backe is towards him. His heart is a lumpe of congealed ſnow: *Prometheus* was a ſleepe while it was making. He differeth altogether from God; for with him the beſt peeces are ſtill marked out for Damnation, and without hope of recouery ſhall be caſt downe into hell. Hee is partly an Alchymiſt; for hee extracteth his own apparell out of other mens clothes; and when occauſion ſerueth, making a Brokers ſhop his Alembicke, can turne your ſilkes into gold, and hauing furniſhed his neceſsities, after a Moneth or two if hee bee vrged vnto it, reduce them againe to their proper ſubſtance. Hee is in part likewiſe an Arithmetician, cunning enough in Multiplication and Addition, but cannot abide Subſtraction: *Summa totalis*, is the language of his *Canaan*; *& vſque ad vltimum quadrantem*, the period of all his Charitie For any skill in *Geometrie*, I dare not commend him; For hee could neuer yet finde out the dimenſions of his owne conſcience: Notwithſtanding he hath many bottomes, it ſeemeth this is alwayes bottomleſſe. Hee

is

is double yarded, and yet his female complayneth of want of measure. And so, with a *Libera nos à malo*; I leaue you, promising to amend whatsoeuer is amisse, at his next setting.

A Puritane

IS a diseas'd peece of *Apocripha*: bind him to the Bible, and hee corrupts the whole Text: Ignorance and fat feed, are his Founders; his Nurses, Rayling, Rabbies, and round breeches: his life is but a borrowed blast of winde; For betweene two religions, as between two doores, he is euer whistling. Truly whose childe he is, is yet vnknowne; For willingly his faith allowes no Father: onely thus farre his pedegree is found, bragger and hee flourisht about a time first; his fiery zeale keepes him continuall costiue, which withers him into his owne translation, and till hee eate a Schooleman, hee is hide-bound; he euer prayes against *Non Residents*, but is himselfe the greatest discontinuer, for hee neuer keepes neere his Text: any thing that Law allowes, but Marriage, and March-beere, he murmures at; what it dis-

he beſt conſiders by his power: hunger and cold ranke in the ſame file with him, and hold him to a man: his honour elſe, and the deſire of doing thinges beyond him, would blow him greater then the ſonnes of *Anacke*. His religion is, commonly, as his cauſe is (doubtfull) and that the beſt deuotion keepes beſt quarter: hee ſeldome ſees gray haires, ſome none at all, for where the ſword failes, there the fleſh giues fire: in charitie, hee goes beyond the Clergie, for he loues his greateſt enemy beſt, much drinking. Hee ſeemes a full Student, for hee is a great deſirer of controuerſies, hee argues ſharpely, & carries his concluſion in a ſcabbard; in the firſt refining of man-kinde this was the gold, his actions are his ammell. His alay (for elſe you cannot worke him perfectly) continuall duties, heauie and wearie marches, lodgings as full of neede as cold diſeaſes. No time to argue, but to execute. Line him with theſe, and linke him to his ſquadrons, and hee appeares a moſt rich chaine for Princes.

A Taylor

A Taylor

IS a creature made vp of ſhreds that were pared off from *Adam*, when he was rough caſt. The end of his Being differeth from that of others, and is not to ſerue God, but to couer ſinne. Other mens pride is his beſt Patron, and their negligence, a maine paſſage to his profit. He is a thing of more than ordinary iudgement: For by vertue of that, he buyeth land, buildeth houſes and rayſeth the low ſet roofe of his croſſe legged Fortune. His actions are ſtrong encounters, and for their notoriouſneſſe alwayes vpon Record. It is neyther *Amadis de Gaule*, nor the Knight of the *Sunne*, that is able to reſiſt them. A tenne groates fee ſetteth them on foote, and a brace of officers bringeth them to execution. He handleth the Spaniſh pike, to the hazzard of many poore Ægyptian vermins; and in ſhew of his valour, ſcorneth a greater Gantlet, then will couer the toppe of his middle-finger. Of all weapons hee moſt affecteth the long Bill, and this he will manage to the great preiudice of a Cuſtomers eſtate. His ſpirit notwithſtanding is not ſo much as to make you thinke him

man;

His wiſedome is the coldeſt part about him, for it euer poynts to the North: and it lies loweſt, which makes his valour euerie tyde oreflow it. In a ſtorme tis diſputable, whether the noyſe be more his or the Elements, & which will firſt leaue ſcolding; on which ſide of the ſhip he may bee ſaued beſt, whether his faith bee ſtarre-boord faith, or larboord: or the helme at that time not all his hope of heauen: his keele is the Embleme of his conſcience, till it be ſplit he neuer repents, then no farther then the land allowes him, and his language is a new confuſion: and all his thoughts new nations: his body and his ſhip are both one burthen, nor is it knowne who ſtowes moſt wine, or rowles moſt, onely the ſhip is guided, hee has no ſterne: a barnacle and he are bred together both of one nature, and tis ſear'd one reaſon: vpon any but a wooden horſe hee cannot ride, and if the winde blow againſt him hee dare not: hee ſwarues vp to his ſeate as to a ſayle-yard, and cannot ſit vnleſſe hee beare a flag-ſtaffe: if euer hee bee broken to the ſaddle, tis but a voyage ſtill, for he miſtakes the bridle for a bowlin, and is euer turning

his

his horſe tayle: he can pray, but tis by rote, not faith, and when he would he dares not, for his brakiſh beleefe hath made that *ominous*. A rocke or a quicke-ſand plucke him before hee be ripe, elſe hee is gathered to his friends at *Wapping*.

A Soldier

IS the husband-man of valour, his ſword is his plough, which honour & *aqua-vitæ*, two fiery mettald iades, are euer drawing. A younger brother beſt becomes Armes; an elder, the thankes for them; euery heat makes him a harueſt: & diſcontents abroad are his Sowers: hee is actiuely his Princes, but paſsiuely his angers ſeruant. He is often a deſirer of learning, which once arriued at, proues his ſtrongeſt armor: he is a louer at all points; and a true defender of the faith of women: more wealth then makes him ſeeme a handſome foe, lightly hee couets not, leſſe is below him: hee neuer truely wants, but in much hauing, for then his eaſe and lechery afflict him: the word *Peace*, though in prayer, makes him ſtart, & God

he

diſallowes & holds dangerous, makes him a diſcipline. Where the gate ſtands open, he is euer ſeeking a ſtile: and where his learning ought to climbe, hee creepes through; giue him aduice, you run into *Traditions*, & vrge a modeſt courſe, hee cries out *Councels*. His greateſt care is to contemne the obedience, his laſt care is to ſerue God, handſomely and cleanely; He is now become ſo croſſe a kinde of teaching, that ſhould the Church enioyne cleane ſhirts, he were lowſie: more ſenſe than ſingle prayers is not his; nor more in thoſe, than ſtill the ſame petitions: from which hee eyther feares a learned faith, or doubts God vnderſtands not at firſt hearing. Shew him a Ring, he runs backe like a Beare; and hates ſquare dealing as allied to caps: a paire of Organs blow him out o'the Pariſh, and are the onely gliſter-pipes to coole him. Where the meate is beſt, there hee confutes moſt, his arguing is but the efficacie of his eating: good bits hee holds breed good poſitions, and the Pope hee beſt concludes againſt, in Plum-broth. Hee is often drunke, but not as we are, temporally, nor can his ſleepe then cure him, for

the

the fumes of his ambition make his very Soule to reele, and that ſmall Beere that ſhould allay him (ſilence) keepes him more ſurfeited, and makes his heate breake out in priuate houſes: Women and Lawyers are his beſt Diſciples, the one next fruite, longs for forbidden Doctrine, the other to maintaine forbidden titles, both which he ſowes amongſt them. Honeſt hee dare not be, for that loues order: yet if he can be brought to Ceremony, and made but Maſter of it, he is conuerted.

A Whore

IS a hie-way to the Deuill, he that lookes vpon her with deſire, begins his voyage: hee that ſtayes to talke with her, mends his pace, & who enioyes her; is at his iourneys end: Her body is the tilted Lees of pleaſure, daſht ouer with a little decking to hold colour: taſt her ſhee's dead, and fals vpon the pallate; the ſinnes of other women ſhew in Landſcip, farre off and full of ſhadow, hers in Statue, neere hand and bigger in the life: ſhe prickes betimes, for her ſtocke is a white thorne, which cut & grafted on, ſhee growes

a Medler : Her trade is oppoſite to any other, for ſhee ſets vp without credit, and too much cuſtome breakes her; The money that ſhe gets is like a traytors, giuen onely to corrupt her; and what ſhee gets, ſerues but to pay diſeaſes. She is euer moor'd in ſinne, and euer mending, & after thirty, ſhee is the Chirurgions creature, ſhame & Repentance are two ſtrangers to her, and onely in an hoſpitall acquainted. Shee liues a Reprobate, like *Caine*, ſtill branded, finding no habitation but her feares, and flies the face of Iuſtice like a Fellon. The firſt yeare of her trade ſhe is an Eyeſſe, ſcratches and cryes to draw on mote affection : the ſecond Soare: the third a Ramage whore : the fourth & fifth, ſhee's an intermewer, pryes for her ſelfe, & ruffles all ſhee teaches; from thence to tenne ſhee beares the name of white Whore, for then her bloud forſakes her with ſalt Rheumes, and now ſhee has mewd three coates; now ſhee growes weary and diſeas'd together, fauours her wing, checks little, but lies for it, bathes for her health, and ſcoures to keepe her coole, yet ſtill ſhee takes in ſtones, ſhee fires her ſelfe elſe: the next remoue his Haggard,

gard, ſtill more cunning; and if my Art deceiue mee not, more crazie. All cares and cures are doubled now vpon her, and line her perch, or now ſhee mewes her pounces, at all theſe yeeres ſhee flies at fooles and kils too: the next is Buſſard Bawde, and there I leaue her.

A very Whore.

IS a woman. She enquires out all the great meetings, which are medicines for her itching. Shee kiſſeth open mouth'd, and ſpits in the palmes of her hands to make them moyſt. Her eyes are like free-booters, liuing vpon the ſpoyle of ſtragglers; & ſhe baits her deſires with a million of proſtitute countenances and entiſements; in the light ſhee liſteneth to parlies: but in the darke ſhe vnderſtands ſignes beſt. Shee will ſell her ſmocke for Cuffes, and ſo her ſhooes bee fine, ſhee cares not though her ſtockings want feete. Her modeſtie is curioſitie, and her ſmell is one of her beſt ornaments. Shee paſſeth not a ſpan bredth. And to haue done, ſhee is the Cooke and the meate, dreſsing her ſelfe all day, and to be taſted with the better appetite at night.

A meere common Lawyer.

IS the beſt ſhadow to make a diſcreete one ſhew the fairer. He is a *Materia prima* informed by reports, actuated by Statutes, and hath his Motion by the fauourable Intelligence of the Court His law is alwayes furniſht with a Commiſsion to arraigne his Conſcience: but vpon iudgement giuen, he vſually ſets it at large. Hee thinkes no language worth knowing but his *Barragouin*. Onely for that point hee hath beene a long time at wars with *Priſcian* for a Northerne Prouince. Hee imagines that by ſuperexcellencie his profeſsion onely is learning, and that it's a prophanation of the temple to his *Themis* dedicated, if any of the liberall Arts be there admitted to offer ſtrange incenſe to Her. For indeed he is all for money. Seuen or eight yeares ſquires him out, ſome of his Nation leſſe ſtanding: and euer ſince the Night of his Call, he forgot much what he was at dinner. The next morning his man (in *Actu* or *potentia*) enioyes his pickadels. His Landreſſe is then ſhrewdly troubled in fitting him a Ruffe; His perpetuall badge. His loue-letters of the laſt yeare of his Gen-

tle-

tlemanſhip are ſtuft with *diſcõtinuances, remitters, & vncore priſis*: but now being enãbled to ſpeake in proper perſon, he talkes of a French-hood, in ſtead of a Ioyture, wages his law, and ioynes iſſue. Then he begins to ſticke his letters in his ground Chamber-window; that ſo the ſuperſcription may make his Squire-ſhip tranſparent. His Heraldry giues him place before the Miniſter, becauſe the Law was before the Goſpell. Next terme he walkes his hoopſleeue gown to the Hall; there it proclaymes him. Hee feeds fat in the Reading, and till it chances to his turne, diſlikes no houſe order ſo much, as that the mouth is ſo contracted to a fortnight. Mongſt his countrie neighbours, he arrogates as much honor for being Reader of an Inne of Chancery, as if it had beene of his owne houſe. For they, poore ſoules, take Law and Conſcience, Court & Chancery for all one. He learn'd to frame his Caſes from putting Riddles & imitating *Merlins* Propheſies, & ſo ſet all the Croſſe-row together by the eares. Yet his whole Law is not able to decide *Lucians* one olde controuerſie 'twixt *Tau* and *Sigma*. Hee accounts

no man of his Cap and Coat idle, but who trots not the Circuit. Hee affects no life or qualitie for it ſelfe, but for gaine; and that at leaſt, to the ſtating him in a Iuſtice of peace ſhip, which is the firſt quickning ſoule ſuperadded to the elementary and inanimate forme of his new Title. His Termes are his wiues vacations. Yet ſhee then may vſurpe diuers Court-dayes, and hath her Returnes *in Menſem*, for writs of entry: often ſhorter. His vacations are her Termers. But in aſſiſe time (the circuit being long) hee may haue a triall at home againſt him by *Niſi prius*. No way to heauen, hee thinkes, ſo wiſe, as through *Weſtminſter Hall*; and his Clarkes commonly through it viſit both heauen & hell. Yet then hee oft forgets his iourneys end, although he looke on the *Starre-chamber*. Neyther is hee wholly deſtitute of the Arts. *Grammer* he hath enough to make terminations of thoſe words which his authoritie hath indenizon'd. *Rhetoricke* ſome; but ſo little, that its thought a concealement. *Logicke* enough to wrangle. *Arithmetick* enough for the Ordinals of his yearebooks: and number-roles: but he goes not to *Multi-*

tiplication; there's a Statute againſt it. So much *Geometrie*, that he can aduiſe in a *Perambulatione facienda*, or a *Rationalibus diuiſis*. In *Aſtronomie* and *Aſtrologie* he is ſo farre ſeene, that by the *Dominicall* letter, hee knowes the Holy-dayes, and findes by Calculation that *Michaelmas* Terme will bee long and dirty. Marry, he knowes ſo much in *Muſicke*, that he affects onely the moſt & cunningeſt *Diſcords*; rarely a perfect *Concord*, eſpecially ſong, except *in fine*. His skill in *Perſpectiue* endeauours much to deceiue the eye of the Law, and giues many falſe colours. Hee is ſpecially practiſed in *Necromancie* (ſuch a kind as is out of the Statute of *Primo*) by rayſing many *dead queſtions*. What ſufficiencie he hath in *Criticiſme*, the foule copies of his *ſpeciall pleas* will tell you. Many of the ſame coate, which are much to be honoured, partake of diuers of his indifferent qualities, but ſo, that *Diſcretion*, *vertue*, and ſometimes other *good learning*, concurring and diſtinguiſhing Ornaments to them, make them as a foyle to ſet their worth on.

A Meere Scholler

A *Meere ſcholler is an intelligible Aſſe*: Or a ſilly fellow in blacke, that ſpeakes Sentences more familiarly then Sence. The Antiquitie of his Vniuerſitie is the Creed, and the excellencie of his Colledge (though but for a match at Foot-ball) an Article of his faith: hee ſpeakes Latine better then his Mother tongue; and is a ſtranger in no part of the world, but his owne Countrey: hee do's vſually tell great ſtories of himſelfe to ſmall purpoſe, for they are commonly ridiculous, be they true or falſe: his Ambition is, that he eyther is, or ſhall be a graduate: but if euer he get a Fellowſhip, he ha's then no fellow. In ſpight of all *Logicke* hee dare ſweare and maintaine it, that a Cuckold & a Townes-man are *Termini conuertibiles*, though his Mothers Husband be an *Alderman*: he was neuer begotten (as it ſeemes) without much wrangling; for his whole life is ſpent in *Pro & Contra*: his tongue goes alwayes before his wit, like Gentleman-vſher, but ſomewhat faſter. That he is a compleat Gallant in all points, *Cap a pea*; witneſſe his horſemanſhip, and the wearing of

of his weapons: he is commonly long winded, able to ſpeake more with eaſe, than any man can endure to heare with patience. Vniuerſitie ieſts are his vniuerſall diſcourſe, & his newes the demeanor of the Proctors: his Phraſe, the apparell of his minde, is made of diuers ſhreds like a cuſhion; and when it goes plaineſt, it hath a raſh outſide, & fuſtian linings. The currant of his ſpeech is clos'd with an *Ergo*; and what euer be the queſtion, the truth is on his ſide. Tis a wrong to his reputatiō to be ignorāt of any thing; &yet he knows not that he knows nothing: he giues directions for Husbandry from *Virgils Georgicks*; for Cattle from his *Bucolicks*; for warlike Stratagems, from his *Aeneides*, or *Cæſars Commentaries*: he orders all things by the Booke, is skillfull in all trades, and thriues in none: hee is led more by his eares then his vnderſtanding, taking the ſound of wordes for their true ſenſe: and do's therefore confidently beleeue, that *Erra Pater* was the Father of heretickes, *Rodolphus Agricola*, a ſubſtantiall Farmer; & will not ſticke to auerre, that *Syſtema's Logicke* doth excell *Keckermans*: is ill lucke is not

ſo

ſo much in being a foole, as in being put to ſuch paines to expreſſe it to the world: for what in others is naturall, in him (with much adoe) is artificiall: his pouertie is his happineſſe, for it makes ſome men beleeue, that he is none of fortunes fauorites. That learning which hee hath, was in Non-age put in backeward like a gliſter, and'tis now like ware miſlayd in a pedlers pack; a ha's it, but knowes not where it is. In a word, he is the Index of a man, and the Title-page of a Scholler, or a Puritane in morality, much in profeſſion nothing in practiſe.

A Tinker

IS a mooueable: for hee hath no abiding place; by his motion hee gathers heate, thence his chollericke nature. He ſeemes to be very deuout, for his life is a continuall pilgrimage, and ſometimes in humility goes barefoote, the rein making neceſſitie vertue. His houſe is as ancient as *Tubal Caines*, and ſo is a runnagate by antiquitie: yet he proues himſelfe a Gallant, for hee carries all his wealth vpon his backe; or a Philoſopher, for he

he beares all his ſubſtance about him. From his Art was Muſicke firſt inuented, & therefore is he alwayes furniſht with a ſong: to which his hammer keeping tune, proues that hee was the firſt founder of the Kettle-drumme. Note that where the beſt Ale is, there ſtands his muſicke moſt vpon crotchets. The companion of his trauels is ſome foule ſunne-burnt Queane, that ſince the terrible Statute recanted Gypſiſme, and is turned Pedlereſſe. So marches hee all ouer England with his bag and baggage. His conuerſation is vnreproueable; for hee is euer mending. Hee obſerues truely the Statutes, and therefore he had rather ſteale then beg, in which he is vnremoueably conſtant in ſpight of whips or impriſonment: and ſo a ſtrong enemie to idleneſſe, that in mending one hole, hee had rather make three then want worke; and when hee hath done, he throwes the Wallet of his faults behind him. Hee embraceth naturally ancient cuſtomes, conuerſing in open fields, and lowly Cottages. If he viſite Cities or Townes, tis but to deale vpon the imperfections of our weaker veſſels. His tongue is very voluble,

which

which with Canting proues him a *Linguist*. Hee is entertain'd in euery place, but enters no further then the doore, to auoyde ſuſpicion. Some would take him to bee a Coward; but beleeue it, hee is a Lad of mettle, his valour is commonly three or foure yardes long, faſtned to a pike in the end for flying off. He is very prouident, for he will fight but with one at once, and then alſo he had rather ſubmit then bee counted obſtinate. To conclude, if he ſcape Tyburne and Banbury, he dies a begger.

An Apparatour

IS a Chicke of the egge Abuſe, hatcht by the warmth of authoritie: hee is a bird of rapine, and beginnes to prey and feather together. Hee croakes like a Rauen againſt the death of rich men, and ſo gets a Legacie vnbequeath'd: his happineſſe is in the multitude of children, for their increaſe is his wealth; and to that end, hee himſelfe yearely addes one.

Hee is a cunning hunter, vncouping his intelligencing hounds, vnder hedges, in thickets

thickets and corne-fields, who follow the chaſe to City-Suburbs, where often his game is at couert: his quiuer hangs by his ſide, ſtuft with ſiluer arrowes, which hee ſhootes againſt Church-gates, and priuate mens doores, to the hazard of their purſes and credit. There went but a paire of ſheeres betweene him and the purſiuant of Hell, for they both delight in ſinne, grow richer by it, and are by iuſtice appointed to puniſh it: onely the Diuell is more cunning, for hee pickes a liuing out of others gaines. His liuing lyeth in his eyes which (like ſpirits) hee ſends through chinkes, and key-holes, to ſuruey the places of darkeneſſe; for which purpoſe hee ſtudieth the opticks, but can diſcouer no colour but blacke, for the pure white of chaſtitie dazeleth his eyes.

Hee is a Catholike, for hee is euery where; and with a Politicke, for hee tranſformes himſelfe into all ſhapes. Hee traſuels on foote to auoyde idleneſſe, and loues the Church entirely, becauſe it is the place of his edification.

Hee accoumpts not all ſinnes mortall: for

for fornication with him is a veniall ſinne, and to take bribes a matter of charitie: hee is collector for burnings, and loſſes at Sea, and in caſting account, can readily ſubſtract the leſſer from the greater ſumme. Thus liues he in a golden age, till Death by a proceſſe, ſummons him to appeare.

An Almanacke-maker.

IS the worſt part of an Aſtronomer: a creature compact of figures, characters, and cyphers: out of which hee ſcores the fortune of a yeare, not ſo profitably, as doubtfully. He is tenãt by cuſtome to the Planets, of whom he holds the 12. Houſes by leaſe paroll: to them hee payes yearely rent, his ſtudie, and time; yet lets them out againe (with all his heart) for 40. s. *per annum.* His life is meerely contemplatiue: for his practiſe, tis worth nothing, at leaſt not worthy of credit; and if (by chance) hee purchaſe any, hee loſeth it againe at the yeares end, for time brings truth to light. *Ptolomy* and *Tycho-Brache* are his Patrons, whoſe volumes he vnderſtands not, but admires; and the

the rather becauſe they are Strangers, and ſo eaſier to bee credited, than controul'd. His life is vpright, for he is alwayes looking vpward; yet dares beleeue nothing aboue *Primum mobile*, for tis out of the reach of his *Iacobs ſtaffe*. His charity extends no further then to the Mounte-banks & Sow-gelders, to whom hee bequeathes the ſeaſons of the yeare, to kill or torture by. The verſes in his Booke haue a worſe pace then euer had *Rocheſter* Hackney: for his Proſe, tis dappled with Inke-horn tearmes, and may ſerue for an Almanacke: but for his iudging at the vncertaintie of weather, any old Shepheard ſhall make a Dunce of him. Hee would bee thought the Diuels intelligencer for ſtolne goods: if euer he ſteale out of that quality, as a flie turnes to a Maggot, ſo the corruption of the cunning-man is the generation of an Empericke: his works flye forth in ſmall volumes, yet not all, for many ride poſt to chaundlers and Tobacco-ſhops in folio. To be briefe, hee fals 3. degrees ſhort of his promiſes; yet is he the Key to vnlocke Termes, and Law-dayes, a dumbe *Mercurie* to point out high-wayes, and a bayliffe of all Marts

and

and Faires in England. The reſt of him you ſhall know next yeare; for what he will be then, he himſelfe knowes not.

An Hypocrite

IS a gilded *Pill*, compos'd of two vertuous ingredients, *Naturall diſhoneſtie* and *Artificiall diſſimulation*. *Simple Fruit, Plant*, or *Drug*, he is none, but a deformed mixture, bred betwixt *Euill nature* and *falſe Art*, by a monſtrous *generation*; and may well bee put into the reckoning of thoſe creatures that God neuer made. In *Church* or *Common-wealth* (for in both theſe this *Mongrell-weede* will ſhoot) it is hard to ſay whether he be *Phyſicke* or a *Diſeaſe*: for he is both in diuers reſpects.

As he is gilt with an out-ſide of *Seeming puritie*, or as he offereth himſelfe to you to be taken downe in a cup or taſt of *Golden zeale* and *Simplicitie*, you may call him *phyſicke*. Nay, and neuer let *potion* giue *Patient* good ſtoole, if being truely taſted & reliſht, he bee not as loathſome to the ſtomacke of any honeſt man. He is alſo *Phyſicke*, in being as commodious for vſe, as hee is odious in taſte;

taſte, if the *Body* of the *companie* into which he taken, can make true vſe of him. For the malice of his nature makes him ſo *Informer-like-dangerous*, in taking aduantage, of any thing done or ſaid: yea, euen to the ruine of his makers, if he may haue benefit; that ſuch a creature in a ſocietie makes men as carefull of their ſpeeches and actions, as the ſight of a knowne cut-purſe in a throng makes them watchfull ouer their purſes and pockets: he is alſo in this reſpect profitable Phyſicke, that his conuerſation being once truely taſted and diſcouered, the hatefull foulneſſe of it will make thoſe that are not fully like him, to purge all ſuch diſeaſes as are ranke in him, out of their owne liues; as the ſight of ſome citizens on horſe-back, makes a iudicious man amend his owne faults in horſemanſhip. If none of theſe vſes can bee made of him, let him not long offend the ſtomacke of your company; your beſt way is to ſpue him out. That hee is a Diſeaſe in the body where he liueth, were as ſtrange a thing to doubt, as whether there be knauery in Horſe-courſers. For if among Sheepe, the rot; amongſt Dogs, the mange; amongſt

Horſes, the glaunders; amongſt Men and Women, the Northerne itch,& the French Ache be diſeaſes; an Hypocrite can not but bee the like in all States and Societies that breede him. If he be a Cleargie Hypocrite, then all manner of vice is for the moſt part ſo proper to him,as he will grudge any man the practiſe of it but himſelfe; like that graue Burgeſſe, who being deſired to lend his cloathes to repreſent a part in a Comedie, anſwered: *No, by his leaue, he would haue no body to play the foole in his cloathes but himſelfe.* Hence are his ſo auſtere reprehenſions of drinking healths, laſciuious talke, vſurie and vnconſcionable dealing; when as himſelfe hating the profane mixture of malt and water, will by his good will let nothing come within him, but the puritie of the Grape, when hee can get it of anothers coſt: But this muſt not bee done neyther, without a preface of ſeeming lothneſſe, turning vp the eyes, mouing the head, laying hand on the breſt, and proteſting that hee would not doe it, but to ſtrengthen his body, being euen conſumed with diſſembled zeale,and tedious and thankeleſſe babling

to God and his Auditors. And for the other vices, I doe but venture the making your ſelfe priuat with him, or truſting of him,& if you come off without a ſauour of the aire which his ſoule is infected with, you haue great fortune. The fardle of all this ware that is in him, you ſhall commonly ſee carried vpon the backe of theſe two beaſts, that liue within him, *Ignorance* and *Impertinenſſe*: & they may well ſerue to cartie other vices, for of themſelues they are inſupportable. His *Ignorance* acquites him of all ſcience, humane or diuine, and of all Language, but his mothers; holding nothing pure, holy, or ſincere, but the ſenſeleſſe collections of his owne crazed braine, the zealous fumes of his enflamed ſpirit, and the endleſſe labours of his eternall tongue; the motions whereof, when matter and words fayle (as they often doe) muſt bee patched vp, to accompliſh his foure houres in a day at the leaſt, with long and feruent *hummes*. Any thing elſe, eyther for language or matter he cannot abide, but thus cenſureth: *Latine*, the language of the *Beaſt*; *Greeke*, the tongue wherein the Heathen Poets wrote

their fictions; *Hebrew*, the speech of the *Iews*, that crucified Christ: *Controuersies* doe not edifie, *Logicke* and *Philosophie*, are the subtilties of *Satan*, to deceiue the *Simple*. Humane stories *profane*, & not sauouring of the *Spirit*: In a word, all decent and sensible forme of speech and perswasion (though in his owne tongue) vaine *Ostentation*. And all this is the burthen of his *Ignorance*: sauing that sometimes *Idlenesse* will put in also to beare a part of the baggage.

His other *Beast Imperiousnesse* is yet more proudly loaden, it carrieth a burthen, that no cords of *Authoritie*, *Spirituall*, nor *Temporall*, should binde, if it might haue the full swindge: No *Pilat*, no *Prince* should command him: Nay, he will command them, and at his pleasure censure them, if they will not suffer their eares to be fettered with the long chaines of his tedious collations, their purses to be emptied with the innundations of his vnsatiable humour, and their iudgements to be blinded with the muffler of his *zealous Ignorance*. For this doth hee familiarly insult ouer his *Maintainer* that breedes him, his *Patrone* that feedes him, &

in

in time ouer all them that will ſuffer him to ſet a foote within their doores, or put a finger in their purſes. All this, and much more is in him, that abhorring *Degrees* and *Vniuerſities*, as relickes of *Superſtition*, hath leapt from a Shopboord, or a Cloke-bagge, to a Deske, or Pulpit, & that like a Sea-god in a *Pageant*, hath the rotten laths of his culpable life, and palpable ignorance, couered ouer with the painted-cloth of a pure gowne, and a night-cap; and with a falſe Trumpet of *Fained zeale*, draweth after him ſome poore *Nymphes* and *Mad-men*, that delight more to reſort to darke Caues and ſecret places, then to open & publike aſſemblies. The *Lay-hypocrite*, is to the other a *Champion*, *Diſciple*, and *Subiect*; and will not acknowledge the tythe of the *Subiection*, to any *Miter*; no, not to any *Scepter*, that hee will doe to the hooke & crooke of his zeale-blinde Shepheard. No *Ieſuits* demand more blinde and abſolute obedience from their vaſſals; no Magiſtrates of the *Canting* ſociety, more ſlauiſh ſubiection from the members of that trauelling ſtate, then the Clerke *Hypocrites* expect from theſe lay-Pupils.

Nay, they must not onely be obeyed, fedde, and defended, but admired too: and that their Lay-followers doe as sincerly, as a shirtlesse fellow with a Cudgell vnder his arme doth a face-wringing *Ballad-singer*: a *Water-bearer* on the floore of a Play-house, a wide-mouth'd *Poet*, that speakes nothing but bladders and bumbast. Otherwise, for life and profession, nature and Art, inward and outward, they agree in all, like *Canters* and *Gypsies*: they are all *zeale*, no *knowledge*: all puritie, no humanitie: all simplicitie, no honestie: and if you neuer trust them, they will neuer deceiue you.

A Maquerela, in plaine English a Bawd

IS an olde *Char-cole*, that hath beene burnt her selfe, and therefore is able to kindle a whole greene Coppice. The burden of her song is like that of *Frier Bacons* Head; *Time is, Time was, and Time is past*: in repeating which, she makes a wicked brazen face, and weepes in the cuppe, to allay the heat of her *Aqua-vitæ*. Her teeth are falne out; marry her nose, and chin, intend very shortly to be

be friends, and meete about it. Her yeeres are ſixtie & odde: that ſhe accounts her beſt time of trading; for a *Bawd* is like a Medlar, ſhee's not ripe, till ſhe be rotten. Her enuie is like that of the Deuill, to haue all faire women like her; and becauſe it is impoſſible they ſhould catch it being ſo yong, ſhe hurnes them to it by diſeaſes. Her *Parke* is a villanous barren ground; and all the Deere in itare Raſcall: yet poore Cottagers in the Countrie (that know her but by heare-ſay) thinke well of her; for what ſhee encloſes to day, ſhee makes *Common* to morrow. Her goods and her ſelfe are all remou'd in one ſort, onely ſhee makes bold to take the vpper hand of them, and to be carted before them; the thought of which, makes her ſhe cannot endure a poſſet, becauſe it puts her in minde of a Baſon. Shee ſits continually at a rackt Rent; eſpecially, if her *Landlord* beare office in the pariſh: for her moueables in the houſe; (beſides her quicke cattle) they are not worth an *Iuuentory*, onely her beds are moſt commonly in print: ſhee can eaſily turne a Sempſtreſſe into a vayting Gentle-woman, but her Ward-robe is moſt infectious, for

it brings them to the *Falling-ſickneſſe*: ſhee hath onely this one ſhew of *Temperance*, that let a gentleman ſend for ten pottles of wine in her houſe, he ſhall haue but ten quarts; & if he want it that way, let him pay for't, and take it out in ſtewde prunes. The Iuſtices Clarke ſtands many times her very good friend: and workes her peace with the Iuſtice of *Quorum*. Nothing ioyes her ſo much, as the comming ouer of *Strangers*, nor daunts her ſo much as the approach of Shroue-tueſday. In fine, not to foule more paper with ſo foule a ſubiect, hee that hath paſt vnder her, hath paſt the *Equinoctiall*; He that hath ſcap't her, hath ſcap't worſe then the *Calenture*.

A Chamber-mayde

SHee is her miſtreſſes ſhee Secretary, and keepes the boxe of her teeth, her haire, & her painting very priuate. Her induſtrie is vp-ſtayres, and down-ſtayres like a Drawer: and by her drie hand you may know ſhee is a ſore ſtarcher. If ſhe lye at her Maſters beds feete, ſhee is quite of the *Greeneſickneſſe* for euer; For ſhee hath terrible dreames when

ſhe

ſhe is awake, as if ſhe were troubled with the *Night Mare*. She hath a good liking to dwel i'th Countrie, but ſhee holds *London* the goodlieſt Forreſt in *England*, to ſhelter a great belly. She reades *Greenes* workes ouer and ouer, but is ſo carried away with the *Mirror of Knighthood*, ſhee is many times reſolu'd to runne out of her ſelfe, and become a Lady Errant. If ſhe catch a clap, ſhe diuides it ſo equally betweene the Maſter & the Seruingman, as if ſhe had cut out the getting of it by a Thread: onely the knaue *Summer* makes her bowlebooty, and ouer-reach the Maſter. The Pedant of the houſe, though he promiſe her marriage, cannot grow further inward with her, ſhe hath payd for her credulitie often, and now growes weary. She likes the forme of our marriage very well, in that a woman is not tyed to anſwer to any Articles concerning queſtion of her Virginitie: Her minde, her body, and clothes are parcels looſely tackt together, and for want of good vtterance, ſhee perpetually laughes out her meaning. Her Miſtris and ſhe helpe to make away *Time*, to the idleſt purpoſe that can bee, eyther for loue or money. In

briefe

briefe, theſe *Chamber-maydes* are like Lotteries: you may draw twentie, ere one worth any thing.

A Preciſian

TO ſpeake no otherwiſe of this *varniſht rottenneſſe* then in truth and veritie hee is, I muſt define him to bee a demure Creature, full of orall Sanctitie, and mentall impietie; a faire obiect to the eye, but ſtarke naught for the vnderſtanding: or elſe a violent thing, much giuen to contradiction. He will be ſure to be in oppoſition with the *Papiſt*, though it bee ſometimes accompanied with an abſurditie; like the Ilanders neere adioyning vnto *China*, who ſalute by putting off their ſhooes, becauſe the men of *China* doe it by their Hats. If at any time he faſt, it is vpon Sunday, and hee is ſure to feaſt vpon friday. Hee can better afford you ten lies, than one oath, & dare commit any ſinne gilded with a pretence of ſanctitie. He will not ſticke to commit fornication or Adulterie, ſo it be done in the feare of God, and for the propagation of the godly; and can find in his heart to lye with any whore, ſaue the whore of *Babylon*. To ſteale hee

holds

holds it lawfull, ſo it be from the wicked & Egyptians. Hee had rather ſee *Antichriſt*, then a picture in the Church window: and chuſeth rather to bee halfe hanged, then to ſee a legge at the name of IESVS, or one ſtand at the *Creede*. He conceiues his prayer in the kitchin, rather then in the Church, and is of ſo good diſcourſe, that hee dares challenge the *Almighty* to talke with him *extempore*. He thinkes euery Organiſt is in the ſtate of damnation, & had rather heare one of *Robert Wiſedomes pſalmes*, then the beſt *Hymne a Cherubin* can ſing. Hee will not breake winde without an *Apologie*, or asking forgiueneſſe, nor kiſſe a Gentlewoman for feare of luſting after her. Hee hath nicknamde all the Prophets and Apoſtles with his Sonnes, and begets nothing but *Vertues* for Daughters. Finally hee is ſo ſure of his ſaluation, that hee will not change places in heauen with the *Virgin Mary*, without boote.

An Innes of Court man

HE is diſtinguiſhed from a Scholler by a payre of ſilke ſtockings, and a Beauer Hat, which makes him contemne a Scholler

as

as much as a Scholler doth a Schoolemaſter. By that he hath heard one mooting, & ſeene two playes, he thinkes as baſely of the *Vniuerſity*, as a young *Sophiſter* doth of the *Grammer-ſchoole*. Hee talkes of the *Vniuerſity*, with that ſtate, as if hee were her Chancellour; findes fault with alterations, & the fall of *Diſcipline*, with an *It was not ſo when I was a ſtudent*; although that was within this halfe yeare. Hee will talke ends of *Latine* though it be falſe, with as great confidence, as euer *Cicero* could pronounce an Oration, though his beſt authors for't, bee *Tauernes* & *Ordinaries*. He is as farre behinde a *Courtier* in his faſhion, as a Scholler is behinde him: and the beſt grace in his behauiour, is to forget his acquaintance. Hee laughes at euery man whoſe Band ſits not well, or that hath not a faire ſhoo-tie, & he is aſhamed to be ſeene in any mans company that weares not his cloathes well. His very eſſence hee placeth in his out-ſide, & his chiefeſt prayer is, that his reuenues may hold out for Taffata cloakes in the Summer, and Veluet in the Winter. For his recreation, hee had rather goe to a Citizens wife, then a Bawdy-

houſe,

houſe, onely to ſaue charges: and he holds Fee-tayle to bee abſolutely the beſt tenure. To his acquaintance he offers two quarts of wine, for one hee giues. You ſhall neuer ſee him melancholly, but when he wants a new Suite, or feares a Seargeant: At which times onely, hee betakes himſelfe to *Ploydon*. By that he hath read *Littleton*, he can call *Solon*, *Lycurgus*, and *Iuſtinian*, fooles, and dares compare his Law to a *Lord chiefe Iuſtice*.

A meere fellow of an houſe

HE is one whoſe Hopes commonly exceed his fortunes, and whoſe minde ſoares aboue his purſe. If hee hath read *Tacitus Guicciardine*, or *Gallo-Belgicus*, he contemnes the *late Lord Treaſurer*, for all the ſtate policie hee had; and laughes to thinke what a foole hee could make of *Salomon*, if hee were now aliue. Hee neuer weares new cloathes, but againſt a commencement or a good time, and is commonly a degree behinde the faſhion. Hee hath ſworne to ſee *London* once a yeare, though all his buſineſſe be to ſee a play, walke a turne in *Pauls*, and obſerue the faſhion. He thinkes it a diſcredit

credit to bee out of debt, which hee neuer likely cleeres, without reſignation money. Hee will not leaue his part hee hath in the priuiledge ouer young Gentlemen, in going bare to him for the Empyre of *Germanie*: He prayes as heartily for a ſealing, as a *Cormorant* doth for a deere yeare: yet commonly he ſpends that reuenue before he receiues it. At meales, he ſits in as great ſtate ouer his *Peny-commons*, as euer *Vitellius* did at his greateſt banquet: and takes great delight in comparing his fare to my Lord *Mayors*. If he be a leader of a *Faction*, hee thinkes himſelfe greater then euer *Cæſar* was, or the *Turke* at this day is. And he had rather loſe an inheritance then an office, when he ſtands for it. If hee be to trauell, hee is longer furniſhing himſelfe for a fiue miles iourney, then a ſhippe is rigging for a ſeauen yeares voyage. Hee is neuer more troubled, then when hee is to maintaine talke with a Gentle-woman: wherein hee commits more abſurdities, then a clowne in eating of an egge. He thinkes himſelfe as fine when hee is in a cleane Band, and a new payre of ſhooes, as any Courtier doth, when he is firſt in a new

faſhion.

fashion. Lastly, hee is one that respects no man in the *Vniuersitie*, and is respected by no man out of it.

A worthy commander in the Warres.

IS one that accounts learning the nourishment of military vertue, and layes that as his first foundation He neuer bloudies his sword but in heat of battle; and had rather saue one of his owne Souldiers, then kill ten of his enemies. Hee accounts it an idle, vaine-glorious, and suspected bountie, to be full of good words; his rewarding therefore of the deseruer ariues so timely, that his liberalitie can neuer be said to be gowty handed. He holds it next his Creed, that no coward can be an honest man, & dare die in't. He doth not thinke his body yeelds a more pleasing shadow after a victory then before; and when he lookes vpon his enemies dead body, tis with a kinde of noble beauinesse, not insultation; he is so honourably mercifull to women in surprizall, that onely, that makes him an excellent Courtier. He knowes the hazards of battles, not the pompe of Ceremonies, are Souldiers best

Theaters,

Theaters, and ſtriues to gaine reputation not by the multitude, but by the greatneſſe of his actions. Hee is the firſt in giuing the charge, and the laſt in retiring his foote. Equall toyle he endures with the common Souldier, from his example they all take fire, as one torch lights many. Hee vnderſtands in warre, there is no meane to erre twice; the firſt, & laſt fault being ſufficient to ruine an Armie: faults therefore he pardons none, they that are preſidents of diſorder, or mutiny, repayre it by being examples of his *Iuſtice*. Beſiege him neuer ſo ſtrictly, ſo long as the ayre is not cut from him, his heart faints not. He hath learned as well to make vſe of a victorie as to get it, and purſuing his enemy like a whirle-winde carries all afore him, being aſſured, if euer a man will benefit himſelfe vpon his foe, then is the time, when they haue loſt force, wiſedome, courage and reputation. The goodneſſe of his cauſe is the ſpeciall motiue to his valour; neuer is hee knowne to ſlight the weakeſt enemie that comes arm'd againſt him in the hand of *Iuſtice*. Haſty and ouermuch heat hee accounts the *Stepdame* to all great

actions,

actions, that will not ſuffer them to thriue; if he cannot ouercome his *enemie* by force, he does it by *Time*. If euer hee ſhake hands with warre, hee can die more calmely then moſt Courtiers, for his continuall dangers haue beene as it were ſo many meditations of death; he thinkes not out of his owne calling, when he accounts life a continuall warfare, and his prayers then beſt become him when armed *Cap a pea*. Hee vtters them like the great *Hebrew generall*, on horſeback. He caſts a ſmiling contempt vpon *Calumny*, it meets him as if *glaſſe* ſhould encounter *Adamant*. He thinkes warre is neuer to be giuen ore, but on one of theſe three conditions: an aſſured *peace*, abſolute *victory*, or an honeſt *death*. Laſtly, when peace folds him vp, his ſiluer head ſhould leane neere the golden Scepter, and die in his *Princes* boſome.

A vaine-glorious Coward in Command

IS one that hath bought his place, or come to it by ſome Noble-mans letter: he loues a life dead payes, yet wiſhes they may rather happen in his company by the ſcuruy, then by a battle. View him at a Muſter, and hee

goes with ſuch a noiſe, as if his body were the wheele-barrow that carried his iudgement rumbling to drill his Souldiers. No man can worſe define betweene *Pride* & noble *Courteſie*: he that ſalutes him not ſo farre as a Piſtoll carries leuell, giues him the *diſguſt* or *affront*, chuſe you whether. Hee traines by the booke, and reckons ſo many poſtures of the Pike and Musket, as if hee were counting at Noddy. When he comes at firſt vpon a Camiſado, he lookes like the foure windes in painting, as if hee would blow away the enemy; but at the very firſt onſet ſuffers feare and trembling to dreſſe themſelues in his face apparantly. He ſcorns any man ſhould take place before him: yet at the entring of a *breach*, hee hath beene ſo humble-minded, as to let his Lieutenant lead his Troopes for him. Hee is ſo ſure armed for taking hurt, that hee ſeldome does any: and while he is putting on his Armes, he is thinking what ſumme he can make to ſatisfie his ranſome. Hee will rayle openly againſt all the great *Commanders* of the adverſe partie, yet in his owne conſcience allowes them for better men: ſuch is the nature

ture of his feare, that contrary to all other filthy qualities, it makes him thinke better of another man then himselfe. The first part of him that is set a running, is his *Eye-sight:* when that is once strucke with terrour, all the *Costiue physicke* in the world cannot stay him; if euer hee doe any thing beyond his owne heart, tis for a *Knighthood*, and hee is the first kneeles for't without bidding.

A Pyrate

TRuely defined, is a *bold Traytour*, for hee fortifies a castle against the King. Giue him sea-roome in neuer so small a vessell, & like a witch in a Sieue, you would thinke he were going to make merry with the Diuel. Of all callings his is most desperate, for hee will not leaue off his theeuing though hee be in a narrow prison, and looke euery day (by tempest or fight) for execution. Hee is one plague the Diuell hath added, to make the Sea more terrible then a storme; and his heart is so hardned in that rugged element, that hee cannot repent, though he view his graue (before him) continually open: hee hath so little of his owne, that the house he

ſleepes in is ſtolne; all the neceſſities of life he filches, but one: hee cannot ſteale a ſound ſleepe, for his troubled conſcience: He is very gentle to thoſe vnder him, yet his rule is the horribleſt tyranny in the world, for he giues licence to all rape, murder, and crueltie in his owne example: what he gets, is ſmall vſe to him, onely liues by it, (ſomewhat the longer) to doe a little more ſeruice to his belly; for he throwes away his treaſure vpon the ſhore in ryot, as if hee caſt it into the Sea. He is a *cruell Hauke* that flies at all but his owne kinde: and as a *Whale* neuer comes a-ſhore but when ſhe is wounded; ſo he very ſeldome, but for his neceſſities. He is the *Marchants Booke*, that ſerues onely to reckon vp his loſſes; a *perpetuall plague* to noble trafficke, the *Hurican of the Sea*, and *the Earth-quake of the exchange*. Yet for all this giue him but his pardon, and forgiue giue him reſtitution, hee may liue to know the inſide of a Church, and die on this ſide Wapping.

An ordinary Fencer

IS a fellow, that beſide ſhauing of cudgels, hath a good inſight into the world, for he hath

hath long beene beaten to it. Fleſh & bloud he is like other men; but ſurely nature meãt him *Stockfiſh*: his and a Dancing ſchoole, are inſeparable adiuncts; and are bound, though both ſtinke of ſweate moſt abominably, neyther ſhall complaine of annoyance: three large bauins ſet vp his Trade, with a bench; which (in the vacation of the afternoone) hee vſes for his day-bed; for a fitkin to piſſe in, hee ſhall bee allowed that, by thoſe that make *Allom*: when hee comes on the Stage at his Prize, hee makes a legge ſeuen ſeuerall wayes, and ſcrambles for money, as if hee had beene borne at the *Bathe* in *Somerſet-ſhire*: at his challenge hee ſhewes his mettall; for contrary to all rules of Phyſicke, he dare bleede, though it bee in the dog-dayes: he teaches *Deuilliſh* play in's Schoole, but when hee fights himſelfe, hee doth it in the feare of a good Chriſtian. He compounds quarrels among his Schollers, and when hee hath brought the buſineſſe to a good vpſhot, he makes the reckoning. His wounds are ſeldome aboue skin-deepe; for an inward bruiſe, Lambe-ſtones and ſweete-breads are his onely *Sperma Ceti*, which hee

eates at night, next his heart fasting: strange Schoole-masters they are, that euery day set a man as farre backeward as hee went forward; and throwing him into a strange posture, teach him to thresh *satisfaction* out of *iniurie*. One signe of a good nature is, that he is still open breasted to his friends, for his foyle, and his doublet, weare not aboue two buttons: and resolute he is, for he so much scorns to take blowes, that he neuer weares *Cuffes*; and he liues better contented with a little, than other men; for if he haue two eies in's head, he thinkes Nature hath ouerdone him. The Lord *Mayors* triumph makes him a man, for that's his best time to flourish. Lastly, these Fencers are such things, that care not if all the world were ignorant of more letters then onely to read their patent.

A Puny-clearke

HE is tane from *Grammar-schoole* halfe codled, and can hardly shake off his dreames of breeching in a twelue-moneth. He is a Farmers sonne, and his fathers vtmost ambition is to make him an *Atturney*. He doth itch towards a Poet, and greases his

breeches

breeches extreamely with feeding without a napkin. He ſtudies falſe-dice to cheat Coſtermongers, and is moſt chargeable to the Butler of ſome *Inne of Chancery*, for piſsing in their greene pots. He eates Ginger-bread at a play-houſe; and is ſo ſawcy, that he ventures fairely for a broken pate at the banqueting houſe, and hath it. He would neuer come to haue any wit, but for a long *vacation*, for that makes him bethinke him how he ſhall ſhift another day. Hee prayes hotly againſt faſting; and ſo may ſup well on friday nights, he cares no thought his Maſter be a Puritan. He practiſes to make the words in his *Declaration* ſpread, as a Sewer doth the diſhes at a Niggards Table; a Clearke of a ſwooping *Daſh*, is as commendable as a Flanders horſe of a large tayle. Though you be neuer ſo much delay'd, you muſt not call his Maſter knaue; that makes him goe beyond himſelfe, and write a Challenge in Court hand; for it may be his owne another day. Theſe are ſome certaine of his *liberall faculties*: but in the Terme time, his *Clog* is a *Buckrom Bag*. Laſtly, which is great pittie, hee neuer comes to the full growth, with

bearing on his ſhoulder the ſinfull burden of his Maſter at ſeuerall courts in *Weſtminſter.*

A Foote-man

LEt him bee neuer ſo well made, yet his Legs are not matches, for hee is ſtill ſetting the beſt foote forward. Hee will neuer bee a ſtaid man, for hee has had a running head of his owne, euer ſince his child-hood. His mother (which, out of queſtion, was a light heel'd wench) knew it, yet let him run his race, thinking age would reclayme him from his wilde courſes. Hee is very long winded, &, without doubt, but that he hates naturally to ſerue on horſebacke, hee had proued an excellent trumpet. Hee has one happineſſe aboue all the reſt of the Seruingmen, for when hee moſt ouer-reaches his Maſter, hee's beſt thought of. He liues more by his owne heate then the warmth of clothes; and the wayting-woman hath the greateſt fancie to him, when hee is in his cloſe trouſes. Gardes he weares none; which makes him liue more vpright then any groſſe-gartered Gentleman-vſher. Tis impoſsible to draw his picture to the life, cauſe

a man

a man muſt take it as he's running; onely horſes are vſually let bloud on *Saint Steuens* day: on *Saint Patrickes* he takes reſt, and is drencht for all the yeare after.

A noble and retired Houſe-keeper

IS one whoſe bountie is limited by *reaſon*, not *oſtentation*: and to make it laſt, hee deales it diſcreetly, as wee ſowe the *furrow*, not by the ſacke, but by the handfull. His word and his meaning neuer ſhake hands & part, but alway goe together. He can ſutuay good, and loue it, and loues to doe it himſelfe, for it owne ſake; not for thankes. Hee knowes there is no ſuch miſerie as to outliue good name; nor no ſuch folly as to put it in practiſe. His mind is ſo ſecure, that *thūder* rockes him a ſleepe, which breakes other mens ſlumbers. *Nobilitie* lightens in his eies; and in his face and geſture is painted, *The god of Hoſpitality*. His great houſes beare in their front more durance, then ſtate; vnleſſe this adde the greater ſtate to them, that they promiſe to out laſt much of our new fantaſticall building. His *heart* neuer growes old, no more then his *memorie*, whether at his booke

booke or an horſeback; hee paſſeth his time in ſuch noble exerciſe, a man cannot ſay, any time is loſt by him: nor hath he onely *years*, to approue hee hath liued till he bee old, but *vertues*. His thoughts haue a *high ayme*, though their dwelling bee in the *Vale of an humble heart*, whence, as by an *Engine* (that rayſes water to fall, that it may riſe higher) he is heightned in his humility. The *Adamant* ſerues not for all Seas, but this doth; for he hath, as it were, put a gird about the whole world, & founded all her *quickſands*. He hath his hand ouer *Fortune*, that her iniuries, how violent or ſudden ſoeuer, they doe not daunt him; for whether his time cal him to liue or die, he can doe both nobly: if to fall, his deſcent is breaſt to breaſt with vertue; and euen then, like the *Sunne* neere his Set, he ſhewes vnto the world his *cleereſt countenance*.

An intruder into fauour

IS one that builds his reputation on others infamie: for ſlaunder is moſt commonly his morning prayer. His paſſions are guided by *Pride*, and followed by *Iniuſtice*. An inflexible

flexible anger againſt ſome poore ſutor, he falſly calles a *Couragious conſtancy*, & thinks the beſt part of grauitie to conſiſt in a ruffled forehead. He is the moſt ſlauiſhly ſubmiſſe; though enuious to thoſe are in better place then himſelfe; & knowes the Art of words ſo well, that (for ſhrowding diſhoneſty vnder a faire pretext) hee ſeemes to preſerue mudde in Chryſtall. Like a man of a kinde nature, hee is firſt good to himſelfe; in the next file, to his French Taylor, that giues him all his perfection: for indeede, like an *Eſtridge*, or *Bird of Paradiſe*, his feathers are more worth then his body. If euer hee doe good deede (which is very ſeldome) his owne mouth is the *Chronicle* of it, leaſt it ſhould die forgotten. His whole body goes all vpon *ſcrewes*, and his face is the *vice* that moues them. If his *Patron* be giuen to muſicke, hee opens his chops, and *ſings*, or with a wrie necke, falls to tuning his inſtrument: if that fayle, hee takes the height of his Lord with a hawking pole. He followes the mans fortune, not the man: ſeeking thereby to encreaſe his owne. Hee pretends hee is moſt vndeſeruedly enuied, and cryes

out

out, remembring the game, *Cheſſe*, that a pawne before a King is moſt plaid on. Debts he owes none, but ſhrewd turnes, and thoſe he payes ere hee be ſued. Hee is a flattering *Glaſſe* to conceale age, and wrinckles. He is *Mountaines Monkie*, that climbing a tree, & skipping from bough to bough giues you backe his face; but come once to the toppe, hee holds his noſe vp into the winde, and ſhewes you his tayle: yet all this gay glitter ſhewes on him, as if the Sunne ſhone in a puddle; for he is a ſmall wine that will not laſt, and when he is falling, hee goes of himſelfe faſter then miſery can driue him.

A faire and happy Milke-mayde

IS a countrie Wench, that is ſo farre from making her ſelfe beautifull by Art, that one looke of hers is able to put *all face-phyſicke* out of countenance. She knowes a faire looke is but a *dumbe Oratour* to commend vertue, therefore mindes it not. All her excellencies ſtand in her ſo ſilently, as if they had ſtolne vpon her without her knowledg. The lining of her apparell (which is her ſelfe) is farre better than outſides *of Tiſſew:*

for

for though ſhe be not arrayed in the ſpoyle of the *Silke-worme*, ſhe is deckt in *innocencie*, a farre better wearing. Shee doth not, with lying long a bed, ſpoyle both her *Complexion* and *Condition*; nature hath taught her, too *Immoderate ſleepe is ruſt to the Soule*: ſhee riſes therfore with *Chaunticleere*, her dames Cocke, and at night makes the *Lambe* her *Corfew*. In milking a Cow, and ſtrayning the Teates through her fingers, it ſeemes that ſo ſweet a Milke-preſſe makes the milk the whither, or ſweeter; for neuer came *Almond Gloue* or *Aromaticke Oyntment* on her Palme to taint it. The golden eares of corne fall and kiſſe her feete when ſhe reapes them, as if they wiſht to bee bound and led priſoners by the ſame hand fell'd them. Her breath is her owne, which ſents all the yeare long of *Iune*, like a new made Hay-cocke. Shee makes her hand hard with labour, and her heart ſoft with pittie: & when the winter euenings fall earely (ſitting at her merry wheele) ſhee ſings a defiance to the giddie *wheele of Fortune*. Shee doth all things with ſo ſweete a grace, it ſeemes *ignorance* will not ſuffer her to doe ill, being her minde is to

doe

doe well. She beſtowes her yeares wages at at next faire, and in chooſing her Garments, counts no brauery i'th'world like decencie. The *Garden* and *Bee-hiue* are all her *Phyſicke* and *Chyrurgery*, & ſhe liues the longer for't. She daresgoe alone, and vnfold ſheepe i'th' night, and feares no manner of ill, becauſe ſhe meanes none: yet to ſay truth, ſhe is neuer alone, for ſhee is ſtill accompanied with olde *ſongs*, *honeſt thoughts*, and *prayers*, but ſhort ones; yet they haue their efficacie, in that they are not pauled with inſuing idle cogitations. Laſtly, her dreames are chaſte, that ſhee dare tell them: onely a Fridayes dreame is all her *ſuperſtition*: that ſhee conceales for feare of anger. Thus liues ſhe, and all her care is ſhe may die in the *ſpring-time*, to haue ſtore of flowers ſtuck vpon her winding ſheete.

An arrant Horſe-courſer

HAth the tricke to blow vp Horſe-fleſh, as a Butcher doth Veale, which ſhall waſh out againe in twice riding twixt *Waltham* and *London*. The trade of Spurre-making had decayed long ſince, but for this vngodly

godly tyre-man. Hee is curſt all ouer the foure ancient high-wayes of England; none but the blind men that ſel ſwitches i'th'road are beholding to him. His Stable is fill'd with ſo many diſeaſes, one would thinke moſt part about Smithfield were an Hoſpitall for Horſes, or a ſlaughter-houſe of the common hunt. Let him furniſh you with a Hackney, 'ts as much as if the Kings Warrant ouertooke you within ten miles to ſtay your iourney. And though a man cannot ſay, he cozens you directly; yet any Oſtler within ten miles, ſhould he be brought vpon his Booke-oath, will affirme he had layd a bait for you. Reſolue when you firſt ſtretch your ſelfe in the ſtirrops, you are put as it were vpon ſome vſurer, that will neuer beare with you paſt this day. Hee were good to make one that had the Chollicke alight often, and (if example will cauſe him) make vrine; let him onely for that ſay, *Gr'mercie Horſe*. For his ſale of horſes, hee hath falſe couers for all manner of Diſeaſes, onely comes ſhort of one thing (which he deſpairs not vtterly to bring to perfection) to make a horſe goe on a wooden legge & two crutches.

ches. For powdring his eares with Quicke-siluer, and giuing him suppositories of liue Eeles he's expert. All the while you are cheaping hee feares you will not bite; but hee laughes in his sleeue when he hath cozened you in earnest. French men are his best chapmen, hee keepes amblers for them on purpose, and knowes he can deceiue them very easily. Hee is so constant to his Trade, that while he is awake, he tires any man he talks with, and when he's asleepe he dreams very fearefully of the pauing of Smithfield, for he knows it would founder his occupation.

A Roaring Boy

HIs life is a meere counterfet Patent: which neuertheleſſe, makes many a Countrie Iustice tremble. *Don Quixotes water-milles* are still Scotch Bagpipes to him. Hee sends Challenges by word of mouth: for he protests (as he is a Gentleman and a brother of the Sword) he can neyther write nor read. Hee hath runne through diuers parcels of Land, & great houses, beside both the Counters. If any priuate quarell happen among our great Courtiers, he proclaymes the

the *buſineſſe*, that's the word, the *buſineſſe*; as if the vnited forces of the *Romiſh Catholicks* were making vp for *Germanie*. Hee cheates young guls that are newly come to Towne, & when the keeper of the Ordinary blames him for it, he anſwers him in his owne profeſſion, that a *Woodcocke* muſt bee pluckt ere he be dreſt. He is a *Superuiſor* to Brothels, & in them is a more vnlawfull reformer of vices, then Prentiſes on Shroue-tueſday. He loues his Friend, as a Counſellor at Law loues the veluet Breeches he was firſt made Barreſter in, hee'll bee ſure to weare him threed bare ere he forſake him. Hee ſleepes with a Tobaccopipe in's mouth; & his firſt prayer i'th'morning is, hee may remember whom he fell out with ouer night. *Souldier* he is none, for he cannot diſtinguiſh 'tweene *Onion ſeede* & *Gun-powder*: if he haue worne it in his hollow tooth for the Tooth-ach, & ſo come to the knowledge of it, that's all. The Tenure by which he holds his meanes is an eſtate at Will; and that's borrowing. Land-lords haue but foure Quarter-dayes; but he three hundred and odde. Hee keepes very good *Company*; yet is a man of no *reckoning:*

koning: & when he goes not drunke to bed, he is very ſick next morning. He commonly dies like *Anacreon*, with a Grape in's throat; or *Hercules*, with fire in's marrow. And I haue heard of ſome (that haue ſcap't hanging) begg'd for *Anatomies*, onely to deterre men from taking *Tobacco*.

A drunken Dutchman reſident in England

IS but quarter-Maſter with his wife, Hee ſtinkes of Butter, as if he were noynted all ouer for the itch. Let him come ouer neuer ſo leane, & plant him but one Moneth neere the Brew-houſes in *S. Catherines*, & hee'l bee puft vp to your hand like a bloat Herring. Of all places of pleaſure, hee loues a Common Garden, and (with the Swine of the Pariſh) had need be ringed for rooting. Next to theſe he effects Lotteries naturally; & bequeathes the beſt prize in his Will aforehand; when his hope fall, hee's blanke. They ſwarme in great Tenements like flies: ſixe Houſeholds will liue in a Garret. Hee was wont (onely to make vs fooles) to buy the Foxe skin for three pence, and ſell the tayle for a ſhilling. Now his new trade of brewing

Strong-

Strongwaters makes a number of madmen. He loues a Welch-man extreamely for his Diet and Orthography, that is, for plurality of Conſonants and Cheeſe. Like a Horſe, hee's onely guided by the mouth: when hee's drunke, you may thruſt your hand into him like an Eele-skin, and ſtrip him, his inſide outwards. He hoords vp faire gold, & pretends 'tis to ſeethe in his wiues broth for a conſumption, and loues the memorie of King *Henry* the *VIII*. moſt eſpecially for his old Soueraignes. He ſayes we are vnwiſe to lament the decay of Timber in England: for all manner of buildings or Fortification whatſoeuer, he deſires no other thing in the world, then Barrels and Hop-poles. To conclude, the onely two plagues he trembles at, is ſmall Beere, and the Spaniſh Inquiſition.

APHANTASTICKE.

An improuident young Gallant

THere is a confederacy betweene him & his clothes, to be made a Puppy: view him well, and you'll ſay his Gentrie ſits as ill vpon him, as if he had bought it with his

penny. He hath more places to ſend money to, then the Deuill hath to ſend his Spirits: and to furniſh each Miſtriſſe, would make him runne beſides his wits, if he had any to loſe. He accounts baſhfulneſſe the wickedeſt thing in the world; & therefore ſtudies Impudence. If all men were of his minde, all honeſtie would bee out of faſhion: hee withers his cloathes on the Stage, as a Saleman is forc't to do his ſutes in Bitchinlane; and when the Play is done, if you marke his riſing, 'ts with a kinde of walking Epilogue betweene the two candles, to know if his Suite may paſſe for currant: hee ſtudies by the diſcretion of his Barber, to frizle like a Baboone: three ſuch would keepe three the nimbleſt Barbers in the Towne, from euer hauing leiſure to weare net-Garters: for when they haue to doe with him, they haue many Irons in th'fire. Hee is trauelled, but to little purpoſe; only went ouer for a ſquirt, and came backe againe, yet neuer the more mended in his conditions, 'cauſe hee carried himſelfe along with him: a Scholler he pretends himſelfe, and ſayes he hath ſweate for it: but the truth is, hee knowes *Cornelius*,

farre

farre better than *Tacitus*: his ordinary sports are cock-fights; but the most frequent, horse-races, from whence hee comes home drie-foundred. Thus when his purse hath cast her Calfe, he goes downe into the country, where hee is brought to milke and white Cheese like the *Switzers*.

A Button-maker of Amsterdam

IS one that is fled ouer from his *conscience*; and left his wife and children vpon the Parish. For his knowledge, hee is meerely a *Horne-booke* without a *Christ-crosse* afore it, and his zeale consists much in hanging his Bible in a Dutch-button: he cozens men in the purity of his cloathes: & twas his onely ioy when hee was on this side, to bee in Prison: he cryes out tis impossible for any man to bee damn'd, that liues in his Religion, and his equiuocation is true: so long as a man liues in't, he cannot; but if he die in't, there's the question. Of all Feasts in the yeare, he accounts S. *Georges* Feast the prophanest, because of S. *Georges* crosse, yet sometimes hee doth *sacrifice* to his owne belly; prouided, that hee put off the Wake of his

owne natiuitie, or wedding, till *good-friday*. If there be a great feaſt in the town, though moſt of the wicked (as hee cals them) bee there, he will bee ſure to bee a gueſt, and to out-eat ſixe of the fatteſt *Burgers*: he thinks, though hee may not pray with a *Iew*, hee may eate with a *Iew*: he winkes when hee prayes, and thinkes hee knowes the way ſo now to heauen, that hee can finde it blind-folded. Latine he accounts the language of the *Beaſt* with the ſeauen heads; and when he ſpeakes of his owne Countrie, cryes hee is fled out of *Babel*. Laſtly, his deuotion is *Obſtinacie*; the onely ſolace of his heart, *Contradiction*; and his maine end *Hypocriſie*.

A diſtaſter of the Time

IS a *Winter Graſhopper* all the yeare long that lookes backe vpon *Haruеſt*, with a leane payre of cheekes, neuer ſets forward to meete it: his malice ſackes vp the greateſt part of his owne venome, and therewith empoyſoneth himſelfe: and this ſickeneſſe riſes rather of *ſelfe opinion, or ouer-great expectation*; ſo in the conceit of his owne ouer-worthineſſe, like a *Coyſtrell*, hee ſtriues to fill him

himſelfe with winde,& flies againſt it. Any mans aduancement is the moſt capitall offence that can be to his malice: yet this enuie, like *Phalaris Bull*, makes that a torment, firſt for himſelfe, he prepared for others: he is a *Day-bed for the Deuill* to ſlumber on; his bloud is of a yellowiſh colour: like thoſe that haue beene bitten by *Vipers*; and his gaule flowes as thicke in him as oyle, in a poyſon'd ſtomacke. He infects all ſocietie, as thunder ſowers wine: warre or peace, dearth or plentie, make him equally diſcontented. And where hee findes no cauſe to taxe the State, he deſcends to rayle againſt the rate of Salte-butter. His wiſhes are *Whirle-windes*; which breath'd forth, returne into himſelfe, and make him a moſt giddy and tottering veſſell. When he is awake, and goes abroad, hee doth but walke in his ſleepe, for his viſitation is directed to none; his buſineſſe is nothing. He is often dumbe-madde, and goes fetter'd in his owne entrailes. Religion is cõmonly his pretence of diſcontent, though hee can of all religions; therefore truely of none. Thus by vnnaturallizing himſelfe, ſome would thinke him a very dangerous

fellow to the State, but hee is not greatly to be fear'd: for this deiection of his, is onely like a rogue that goes on his knees & elbows in the mire, to further his begging.

A meere Fellow of an Houſe

EXamines all mens carriage but his own; and is ſo kinde natured to himſelfe, hee findes faults with all mens but his owne. Hee weares his apparell much after the faſhion; his meanes will not ſuffer him come too nigh: they afford him *Mocke-veluet* or *Satiniſco*; but not without the Colledges next leaſes acquintance: his inſide is of the ſelfe ſame faſhion, not rich: but as it reflects from the glaſſe of ſelfe-liking, there *Cræſus* is *Irus* to him. He is a *Pedant* in ſhew, though his title be *Tutor*; and his *Pupils*, in broader phraſe, are *ſchoole-boyes*. On theſe he ſpends the falſe gallop of his tongue; & with ſenſeleſſe diſcourſe towes them along, not out of ignorance. He ſhewes them the rinde, conceales the ſap: by this meanes he keeps them the longer, himſelfe the better. Hee hath learnt to cough, and ſpit, and blow his noſe at euery period, to recouer his memory: & ſtu-

ſtudies chiefely to ſet his eyes and beard to a new forme of learning. His Religion lies in waite for the inclination of his Patron; neyther ebbes nor flowes, but iuſt ſtanding water, betweene *Proteſtant* and *Puritan*. His dreames are plurality of Beneſices & Non-reſidency; & when he riſes, acts a long grace to his looking-glaſſe. Againſt hee comes to bee ſome great mans Chaplaine, hee hath a habit of boldneſſe, though a very Coward. He ſpeakes ſwords, Fights *Ergo's*: His paſe on foote is a meaſure; on horſebacke a gallop: for his legs are his owne, though horſe and ſpurres are borrowed. He hath leſſe vſe then poſſeſſion of Bookes. Hee is not ſo proud, but hee will call the meaneſt Author by his name; nor ſo vnskill'd in the Heraldry of a ſtudy, but he knowes each mans place. So ends that fellowſhip and begins another.

A meere Petyfogger

IS *one of Sampſons foxes*: He ſets men together by the eares, more ſhamefully than *Pillories*; and in a long vacation his ſport is to goe a Fiſhing *with the Penall Statutes*. He cannot erre before Iudgement, and then you

ſee

ſee it, onely *Writs of error* are the *Tariers* that keepe his *Client* vndoing ſomewhat the longer. He is a veſtrie-man in his Pariſh, and eaſily ſets his neighbours at variance with the *Vicar* when his wicked *councell* on both ſides is like weapons put into mens hands by a *Fencer*, whereby they get blows, he money. His honeſty and learning bring him to *vnderſhrife-ſhip*; which hauing thriſe runne through, he do's not feare the *Lieutenant* a'th Shire: nay more, hee feares not God. *Cowardiſe* holds him a good Common-wealths man; his penne is the plough, and parchment the ſoyle, whence hee reapes both Coyne and Curſes. Hee is an *Earthquake*, that willingly will let no ground lye in quiet. Broken titles make him whole; to haue halfe in the countie break their bonds, were the onely liberty of conſcience: Hee would wiſh (though hee bee a *Brownift*) no neighbour of his ſhould pay his tythes duely, if ſuch ſutes held continuall Plea at *Weſtminſter*. He cannot away with the reuerend Seruice in our Church, becauſe it ends with *The peace of God*. He loues blowes extreamely, and hath his *Chyrurgians* bill of all rates,

from

from head to foote, to incenſe the furie: he would not giue away his yearely beatings for a good peece of money. Hee makes his will in a forme of a law-cauſe, full of quiddits, that his friends after his death (if for nothing elſe, yet) for the vexation of Law, may haue cauſe to remẽber him. And if he thought the ghoſts of men did walke againe (as they report in time of Popery) ſure hee would hide ſome ſingle money in *Weſtminſter Hall*, that his ſpirit might haunt there. Onely with this, I will pitch him o're the Barre, and leaue him; That his fingers itch after a Bribe, euer ſince his firſt practiſing of Court-hand.

An ingroſſer of Corne

THere is no vermine in the Land like him; he ſlanders both Heauen & Earth with pretended Dearths, when there's no cauſe of ſcarcitie. His hoording in a deere yeare, is like *Eriſicthons* bowels in *Ouid: Quodque vrbibus eſſe, quodque ſatis poterat populo, non ſufficit vni.* He prayes daily for more incloſures, and knowes no reaſon in his Religion, why wee ſhould call our fore-

fathers

fathers dayes, *The time of ignorance*, but only becauſe they ſold wheat for twelue pence a buſhell. He wiſhes that *Danske* were at the *Molocos*; and had rather be certaine of ſome forraine inuaſion, then of the ſetting vp of Stilyard. When his barnes and garners are full (if it be a time of dearth) hee will buy halfe a buſhell i'th'Market to ſerue his houſhold: & winnowes his Corne in the night, leaſt, as the chaffe throwne vpon the water, ſhew'd plentie in Egypt; ſo his (carried by the winde ſhould proclaime his abundance. No painting pleaſes him ſo well, as *Pharaohs* dreame of the ſeuen leane Kine, that ate vp the fatte ones; that he has in his Parlour, which hee will deſcribe to you like a motion, & his comment ends with a ſmothered prayer for the like ſcarcitie. He cannot away with Tobacco; for he is perſwaded (and not much amiſſe) that tis a ſparer of bread-corne, which he could finde in's heart to tranſport without Licence: but weighing the penaltie, he growes mealy, mouth'd, and dates not. Sweete ſmels hee cannot abide; wiſhes that the pure ayre were generally corrupted: nay, that the ſpring had loſt her fragrancie

grancie for euer, or we our ſuperfluous ſenſe of ſmelling (as he tearmes it) that his corne might not be found muſtie. The Poore hee accounts the Iuſtices intelligencers, and cannot abide them: hee complaines of our negligence of diſcouering new parts of the world, onely to ridde them from our Climate. His Sonne, by a certaine kinde of inſtinct, hee bindes Prentiſe to a Taylor, who all the terme of his Indenture hath a deare a yeare in's belly, and rauins bread extreamely: when he comes to be a freeman (if it be Dearth) he marries him to a Bakers daughter.

A Deuilliſh Vſurer

IS ſowed as *Cummin* or *Hempe ſeede*, with curſes; and he thinkes he thriues the better. Hee is better read in the *Penall ſtatutes*, then in the Bible; and his euill Angell perſwades him, he ſhall ſooner be ſaued by thē. He can bee no mans friend; for all men hee hath moſt intereſt in, hee vndo's, and a double-dealer hee is certainely; for by his good will hee euer takes the forfeit. Hee puts his money to the vnnaturall act of generation; & his Scriuener is the ſuperuiſor Bawd to't.

Good

Good deeds he loues none, but Seal'd and Deliuered; nor doth hee wiſh any thing to thriue in the Countrie, but Bee-hiues; for they make him waxe rich. He hates all but law-Latin; yet thinkes he might be drawne to loue a Scholler, could he reduce the yere to a ſhorter compaſſe, that his vſe-money might come in the faſter: he ſeems to be the ſonne of a Iaylor, for all his eſtate is moſt heauie and cruell bonds. Hee doth not giue, but ſell dayes of payment; and thoſe at the rate of a mans vndoing: he doth only feare, the day of Iudgement ſhould fall ſooner, than the payment of ſome great ſumme of money due to him: he remoues his lodging when a Subſidie comes; and if he be found out, and pay it, he grumbles Treaſon, but tis in ſuch a deformed ſilence, as Witches raiſe their Spirits in. Grauitie he pretends in all things, but in his priuate Whore; for hee will not in a hundred pound take one light ſixe-pence; and it ſeemes hee was at *Tilbury Campe*, for you muſt not tell him of a *Spaniard*. Hee is a man of no conſcience; for (like the *Iakeſ-farmer* that ſwounded with going into Bucklersbury) he fals into a cold ſweat,

ſweat, if he but looke into the Chauncerie: thinkes in his Religion, we are in the right for euery thing, if that were aboliſht: hee hides his money as if he thought to finde it againe at the laſt day, and then begins olde trade with it. His cloathes plead preſcription; and whether they or his body are more rotten, is a queſtion: yet ſhould hee liue to be hang'd in them, this good they would doe him, The very Hangman would pittie his caſe. The Table he keeps is able to ſtarue twentie tall men; his ſeruants haue not their liuing, but their dying from him, and that's of Hunger. A ſpare diet he commends in all men, but himſelfe: he comes to Cathedrals onely for loue of the ſinging boyes, becauſe they looke hungrie. Hee likes our Religion beſt, becauſe tis beſt cheape; yet would faine allow of Purgatory, 'cauſe 'twas his Trade, and brought in ſo much money: his heart goes with the ſame ſnaphance his purſe doth, tis ſeldome open to any man: friendſhip hee accounts but a word without any ſignification; nay, he loues all the world ſo little, that, and it were poſsible, hee would make himſelfe his owne Executor: for certaine,

certaine, hee is made Administrator to his owne good name while he is in perfect memorie, for that dies long afore him; but hee is so farre from being at the charge of a Funerall for it, that hee lets it stinke aboue ground. In conclusion, for neighbourhood, you were better dwell by a contentious Lawyer. And for his death, tis rather surfet, the poxe, or despaire, for seldome such as he die of Gods making, as honest men should doe.

A Water-man

IS one that hath learnt to speake well of himselfe; for alwayes he names himselfe, *The first man*. If hee had betane himselfe to some richer trade, he could not haue chos'd but done well: for in this (though it be but a meane one) he is still plying it, and putting himselfe forward. Hee is euermore telling strange newes; most commonly lies. If hee be a Sculler, aske him if he be married, hee'll equiuocate and sweare hee's a singleman. Little trust is to bee giuen to him, for hee thinkes that day he does best when hee fetches most men ouer. His daily labour teaches him the Arte of dissembling; for like a fellow

fellow that rides to the Pillorie, he goes not that way he lookes: he keepes such a bawling at *Westminster*, that if the Lawyers were not acquainted with it, an order would bee tane with him. When he is vpon the water, hee is Fare-company: when hee comes a shore, he mutinies; and contrarie to all other trades, is most surely to Gentlemen, when they tender payment. The Play-houses only keepe him sober; and as it doth many other Gallants, make him an afternoones man. London-Bridge is the most terriblest eye-sore to him that can bee. And to conclude, nothing but a *great Presse*, makes him flie from the riuer; nor any thing, but a great *Frost*, can teach him any good manners.

A reuerend Iudge

IS one that desires to haue his greatnesse, onely measur'd by his goodnesse: his care is to appeare such to the people, as he would haue them to be; and to be himselfe such as hee appeares; for vertue cannot seeme one thing, and be another: he knowes that the hill of greatnesse yeeldes a most delightfull prospect, but withall that it is most subiect

to lightning, and thunder: & that the people, as in ancient *Tragedies*, ſit and cenſure the actions of thoſe are in authoritie: hee ſquares his owne therefore, that they may farre be aboue their pitie: hee wiſhes fewer Lawes, ſo they were better obſeru'd: and for thoſe are Mulctuary, he vnderſtands their inſtitution not to be like briers or ſpringes, to catch euery thing they lay hold of; but like Sea-markes (on our dangerous *Goodwin*) to auoyde the ſhipwracke of ignorant paſſengers: hee hates to wrong any man; neither hope, nor diſpaire of preferment can draw him to ſuch an exigent: hee thinkes himſelfe then moſt honorably ſeated, when he giues mercie the vpper hand: hee rather ſtriues to purchaſe good name then land; & of all rich ſtuffes forbidden by the Statute, loathes to haue his Followers weare their cloathes cut out of bribes and extortions. If his Prince call him to higher place, there he deliuers his minde plainely, & freely, knowing for truth, there is no place wherein diſſembling ought to haue leſſe credit, than in a Princes Councell. Thus honour keepes peace with him to the graue, and doth not

(as

(as with many) there forſake him, and goe backe with the Heralds: but fairely ſits ore him, and broods out of his memory, many right excellent Common-wealths men.

A vertuous Widdow

IS the Palme-Tree, that thriues not after the ſupplanting of her husband. For her children ſake ſhe firſt marries, for ſhee married that ſhee might haue children, and for their ſakes ſhe marries no more. She is like the pureſt gold, onely employed for Princes medals, ſhe neuer receiues but one mans impreſſion; the large ioynture moues her not, titles of honor cannot ſway her. To change her name, were (ſhee thinkes) to commit a ſinne ſhould make her aſham'd of husbands calling; ſhe thinkes ſhee hath traueld all the world in one man; the reſt of her time therefore ſhe directs to heauen. Her maine ſuperſtition is, ſhee thinkes her husbands ghoſt would walke, ſhould ſhee not performe his Will: ſhee would doe it, were there no Prerogatiue Court. Shee giues much to pious vſes, without any hope to merit by them: & as one Diamond faſhions another, ſo is ſhe

wrought into workes of Charity, with the dust or ashes of her husbans. She liues to see her selfe full of time; being so necessary for earth, God cals her not to heauen, till she be very aged: and euen then, though her naturall strengh fayle her, shee stands like an ancient *Pyramide*; which the lesse it growes to mans eye, the neerer it reaches to heauen: this latter Chastitie of Hers, is more graue and reuerend, then that ere she was married; for in it is neyther hope, nor longing, nor feare, nor iealousie. She ought to be a mirrour for our youngest dames, to dresse themselues by, when shee is fullest of wrinckles. No calamitie can now come neere her, for in suffering the losse of her husband, she accounts all the rest triffles: shee hath layd his dead body in the worthiest monument that can be. She hath buried it in her owne heart. To conclude, shee is a Relicke, that without any superstition in the world, though shee will not be kist, yet may be reuerenc't.

An ordinary Widdow

IS like the Heralds Hearse-cloth; she serues to many funerals with a very little altering the colour. The end of her Husband

begins

begins in teares; and the end of her teares begins in a husband. She vſes to cunning women to know how many husbands ſhe ſhall haue, and neuer marries without the conſent of ſixe-mid-wiues. Her chiefeſt pride is in the multitude of her Suitors; and by them ſhe gaines: for one ſerues to draw on another, and with one at laſt ſhe ſhootes out another, as Boyes doe Pellets in Elderne Gunnes. Shee commends to them a ſingle life, as Horſe-courſers doe their Iades, to put them away. Her fancie is to one of the biggeſt of the Guard, but Knighood makes her draw in a weaker Bow. Her ſeruants or kinsfolke, are the trumpeters that ſummon any to this combate; by them ſhee gaines much credit, but loſeth it againe in the olde Prouerbe: *Fama eſt mendax*. If ſhee liue to be thrice married, ſhee ſeldome fayles to cozen her ſecond Husbands Creditours. A Churchman ſhe dare not venture vpon; for ſhe hath heard widows cõplaine of dilapidations, nor a ſouldier; thogh he haue candlerents in the Citie, for his eſtate may be ſubiect to fire: very ſeldome a Lawyer, without he ſhew his exceeding great practiſe, & can

make her caſe the better: but a Knight with the old rent may doe much, for a great comming in is all in all with a widdow: euer prouided, that moſt part of her Plate and Iewels (before the wedding) lye conceal'd with her Scriuener. Thus like a too-ripe apple, ſhee falles of her ſelfe: but he that hath her, is Lord but of a filthy purchaſe, for the title is crack't. Laſtly, while ſhe is a widdow, obſerue euer, ſhe is no morning woman: the euening, a good fire, and ſacke, may make her liſten to a Husband: and if euer ſhe bee made ſure tis vpon a full ſtomacke to bedward.

A Quackſaluer

IS a Mountebanke of a larger bill then a Taylor; if hee can but come by names enow of Diſeaſes, to ſtuffe it with, tis all the skill he ſtudies for. Hee tooke his firſt being from a cunningwoman, and ſtole this blacke Art from her while hee made her Sea-coale fire. All the diſeaſes euer ſinne brought vpon man, doth he pretend to bee curer of; when the truth is, his maine cunning is Corne-cutting. A great plague makes him; what with rayling againſt ſuch, as leaue their

cures

tures for feare of infection, and in friendly breaking Cakebread, with the Fish-wiues at Funerals, he vtters a most abominable deale of mustie *Carduus water*, and the Conduits crie out, All the learned Doctors may cast their Caps at him. Hee parts stakes with some Apothecary in the Suburbes, at whose house he lies: and though hee be neuer so familiar with his wife, the Apothecary dare not (for the richest horne in his shop) displease him. All the Mid-wiues in the Towne are his intelligencers; but Nurses and young Marchants Wiues (that would faine conceiue with childe) these are his Idolaters. Hee is a more vniust bonesetter, then a dicemaker; hath put out more eyes then the small Pox, made more deafe then the *Cataracts* of *Nilus*; lamed more then the Gout; shrunke more sinewes, then one that makes Bowstrings; and kild more idly, then Tobacco. A Magistrate that had any way so noble a spirit, as but to loue a good horse well, would not suffer him to bee a Farrier. His discourse is vomit; and his ignorance, the strongest purgation in the world to one that would bee speedily cured, hee hath more de-

layes, and doubles then a Hare, or a Law-ſuite: hee ſeekes to ſet vs at variance with nature, and rather then he ſhall want diſeaſes he'le beget them. His eſpeciall practiſe (as I ſaid afore) is vpon women; labours to make their mindes ſicke, ere their bodies feele it, and then there's worke for the Dog-leach. Hee pretends the cure of mad-men; and ſure he gets moſt by them, for no man in his perfect wit would meddle with him. Laſtly, hee is ſuch a Iuggler with Vrinals, ſo dangerouſly vnskilfull, that if euer the Citie will haue recourſe to him for diſeaſes that neede purgation, let them employ him in ſcouring *More-ditch*.

A Canting Rogue

THis not vnlikely but hee was begot by ſome Intelligencer vnder a hedge; for his minde is wholly giuen to trauell. Hee is not troubled with making of Ioyntures: he can diuorce himſelfe without the fee of a Proctor, nor feares he the crueltie of ouer-ſeers of his Will. He leaues his children all the world to Cant in, and all the people to their fathers. His Language is a Conſtant

tongue;

tongue; the Northerne ſpeech differs from the South, Welſh from the Corniſh: but Canting is generall, nor euer could be altered by conqueſt of the *Saxon*, *Dane*, or *Norman*. He wil not beg out of his limit though he ſterue; nor breake his oath if hee ſweare by his *Salomon*, though you hang him: and he payes his cuſtome as truely to his Grand Rogue, as tribute is payd to the great Turk. The March Sunne breedes agues in others, but hee adores it like the *Indians*; for then begins his progreſſe after a hard winter. Oſtlers cannot endure him, for hee is of the infantrie, and ſerues beſt on foote. He offends not the Statute againſt exceſſe of apparell, for he will goe naked, and counts it a voluntary pennance. Fortie of them lie in a Barne together, yet are neuer ſued vpon the Statute of Inmates. If hee were learned, no man could make a better diſcription of *England*; for he hath trauel'd it ouer and ouer. Laſtly, he brags, that his great houſes are repayr'd to his hands, when Churches goe to ruine: and thoſe are priſons.

A french Cooke

HE learnt his trade in a Towne of Garison neere famish't, where hee practised to make a little goe far; some driue it from more antiquitie, and say *Adam* (when hee pickt sallets) was of his occupation. He doth not feede the belly, but the palate: & though his command lye in the kitchin (which is but an inferiour place) yet shall you finde him a very sawcie companion. Euer since the warres in *Naples*, hee hath so minc't the ancient and bountifull allowance, as if his Nation should keepe a perpetuall diet. The Seruingmen call him the last relicke of Popery, that makes men fast against their conscience. He can be truely said to be no mans fellow but his Masters: for the rest of his seruants are starued by him. He is the prime cause why Noblemen build their houses so great, for the smalenesse of their Kitchin, makes the house the bigger: and the Lord cals him his Alchymist that can extract gold out of hearbes, rootes, mushroomes, or any thing: that which hee dresses wee may rather call a drinking, then a meale; yet is he so full of varietie, that he brags, and truely,

ly, that he giues you but a taſte of what he can doe: hee dare not for his life come among the Butchers; for ſure they would quatter and bake him after the Engliſh faſhion; he's ſuch an enemie to Beefe & Mutton. To conclude, he were onely fit to make a funerall feaſt, where men ſhould eate their victuals in mourning.

A Sexton

IS an ill-willer to humane nature. Of all Prouerbes, he cannot endure to heare that which ſayes we ought to liue by the quicke, not by the dead. Hee could willingly all his life time be confinde to the Church-yard; at leaſt within fiue foote on't: for at euerie Church ſtile, commonly there's an Alehouſe; where let him be found neuer ſo idle pated, he is ſtill a graue drunkard. He breaks his faſt heartilieſt while hee is making a graue, and ſayes the opening of the ground makes him hungry. Though one would take him to be a ſlouen, yet hee loues cleane linnen extreamely, and for that reaſon takes an order that fine holland ſheets be not made wormes meate. Like a Nation cald the *Cuſani*,

ſani, hee weepes when any are borne, and laughes when they die: the reaſon; he goes by Burials not Chriſtnings: hee will hold argument in a Tauerne ouer Sacke, till the Diall and himſelfe bee both at a ſtand: hee neuer obſerues any time but Sermon time, and there hee ſleepes by the houre-glaſſe. The Rope-maker payes him a penſion, and hee payes tribute to the Phyſitian; for the Phyſitian makes worke for the Sexton; as the Rope-maker for the Hang-man. Laſtly, he wiſhes the dogdayes would laſt all yeare long: & a great plague is his yeare of Iubile.

A Ieſuite

IS a larger ſpoone for a Traytour to feede with the Deuill, then any other Order: vnclapſe him, and hee's a gray Wolfe, with a golden Starre in the fore-head: ſo ſuperſtitiouſly hee followes the Pope, that hee forſakes Chriſt, in not giuing *Cæſar* his due. His vowes ſeeme heauenly; but in medling with State-buſineſſe, he ſeemes to mixe heauen and earth together. His beſt Elements, are Confeſſion and Penance: by the firſt, he findes out mens inclinations; and by the lat-

ter

ter, heapes wealth to his Seminary. Hee ſprang from *Ignatius Loyola*, a *Spaniſh* Souldier; and though hee were found out long ſince the inuention of the Canon, 'tis thoght he hath not done leſſe miſchiefe. He a halfe key to open Princes Cabinets, and pry into their Counſels; & where the Popes excommunication thunders, he holds it no more ſinne the decrowning of Kings, then our Puritanes doe the ſuppreſſion of Biſhops. His Order is full of all irregularitie and diſobedience; ambitious aboue all meaſure; for of late dayes, in *Portugall* and the *Indies*, he reiected the name of Ieſuite, and would be called Diſciple. In *Rome*, & other Countries that giue him freedome, hee weares a Maske vpon his heart; in England hee ſhifts it, and puts it vpon his face. No place in our Climate hides him ſo ſecurely as a Ladies Chamber: the modeſtie of the *Purſeuant* hath onely forborne the bed, and ſo miſt him. There is no Diſeaſe in Chriſtendome, that may ſo properly be call'd *The Kings Euill*. To conclude, would you know him beyond ſea? In his Seminary he's a fox; but in the Inquiſition, a Lyon Rampant.

An excellent Actor

VVHatſoeuer is commendable in the graue Orator, is moſt exquiſitly perfect in him; for by a full and ſignificant action of body, he charmes our attention: ſit in a full Theater, and you will thinke you ſee ſo many lines drawne from the circumferennce of ſo many eares, whiles the *Actor* is the *Center*. Hee doth not ſtriue to make nature monſtrous, ſhee is often ſeene in the ſame Scene with him, but neyther on Stilts nor Crutches; and for his voyce tis not lower then the prompter; nor lowder then the Foyle and Target. By his action he fortifies morall precepts with example; for what wee ſee him perſonate, we thinke truely done before vs: a man of a deepe thought might apprehend, the Ghoſts of our ancient *Heroes* walk't againe, and take him (at ſeuerall times) for many of them. Hee is much affected to painting, and tis a queſtion whether that make him an excellent player, or his playing an exquiſite painter. He addes grace to the Poets labours: for what in the Poet is but ditty, in him is both ditty and Muſicke. He entertaines vs in the beſt leaſure

of

of our life, that is between meales, the moſt vnfit time eyther for ſtudy or bodily exerciſe. The flight of Hawkes and chaſe of wilde beaſtes, eyther of them are delights noble: but ſome thinke this ſport of men the worthier, deſpight all *calumny*. All men haue beene of his occupation: and indeede, what hee doth fainedly, that doe others eſſentially: this day one playes a Monarch, the next a priuate perſon. Here one acts a Tyrant, on the morrow an Exile: a Paraſite this man to night, to morrow a Preciſian, & ſo of diuers others. I obſerue, of all men liuing, a worthy Actor in one kinde is the ſtrongeſt motiue of affection that can bee: for when he dies, wee cannot be perſwaded any man can doe his parts like him. But to conclude, I value a worthy Actor by the corruption of ſome few of the quality, as I would doe gold in the Oare; I ſhould not minde the droſſe but the puritie of mettall.

A Franklin

HIs outſide is an ancient yeoman of England, though his inſide may giue armes (with the beſt Gentleman) and ne're

ſee

ſee the Herald. There is no truer ſeruant in the houſe then himſelfe. Though he be Maſter he ſayes not to his ſeruants, goe to field, but let vs goe; and with his owne eye, doth both fatten his flocke, and ſet forward all manner of husbandrie. He is taught by nature to be contented with a little; his owne fold yeelds him both food and rayment: hee is pleas'd with any nouriſhment God ſends whileſt curious gluttony ranſacks, as it were, *Noahs Arke* for food, onely to feede the riot of one meale. He is nere knowne to goe to Law; vnderſtanding, to bee Law-bound among men, is like to be hide-bound among his beaſts; they thriue not vnder it: & that ſuch men ſleepe as vnquietly, as if their pillowes were ſtuft with Lawyers pen-kniues. When he builds, no poore Tenants cottage hinders his proſpect: they are indeede his Almeſ-houſes, though there bee painted on them no ſuch ſuperſcription. He neuer ſits vp late, but when he hunts the Badger, the vowed foe of his Lambes: nor vſes he any cruelty, but when hee hunts the Hare, nor ſubtiltie but when he ſetteth ſnares for the Snite, or pitfals for the Blacke-bird; nor oppreſſion,

preſſion, but when in the Moneth of Iuly, he goes to the next riuer, & ſhears his ſheepe. He allowes of honeſt paſtime, and thinkes not the bones of the dead any thing bruiſed, or the worſe for it, though the countrie Laſſes dance in the Church-yard after euē-ſong. Rocke-Monday, and the Wake in Summer, ſtrouings, the wakefull ketches on Chriſtmas Eue, the Hoky, or Seed-cake, theſe hee yearely keepes, yet holds them no relickes of Popery. He is not ſo inquiſitiue after newes deriued from the priuie cloſet, when the finding an eyerie of Hawkes in his owne ground, or the foaling of a Colt come of a good ſtraine are tydings more pleaſant, more profitable. He is Lord paramount within himſelfe, though he hold by neuer ſo meane a Tenure; and dies the more contentedly (though hee leaue his heire young) in regard he leaues him not liable to a couetous Guardian. Laſtly, to end him; he cares not when his end comes; he needs not feare his Audit, for his *quietus* is in heauen.

A Rymer

IS a fellow whoſe face is hatcht all ouer with impudence, and ſhould be hang'd or

pilloried tis armed for it. Hee is a Iuggler with wordes, yet practiſes the Art of moſt vncleanely conueyance. He doth boggle very often; and becauſe himſelfe winkes at it, thinkes tis not perceiued: the maine thing that euer hee did, was the rune he ſang to. There is nothing in the earth ſo pitifull, no not an Ape-carier, hee his not worth thinking of, and therefore I muſt leaue him as nature left him; a dunghill not well layd together.

A couetous Man

THis man would loue honour and adore God if there were an L. more in his name; He hath cophind vp his ſoule in his cheſts before his bodie; Hee could wiſh hee were in *Mydas* his taking for hunger on condition he had his chymicall qualitie: At the grant of a new ſubſidie he would gladly hang himſelfe were it not for the charge of buying a Rope, and begins to take money vpon vſe when hee heares of a priuie Seale. His morning prayer is to ouer-looke his bagges, whoſe euery parcell begets his adoration. Then to his ſtudies, which are how to cozen this Tenant, begger that widdow,

or

or to vndoe ſome Orphane. Then his bonds are viewed, the well-knowne dayes of payment con'de by heart, and if he euer pray, it is ſome one may breake his day, that the beloued forfeyture may be obtained. His vſe is doubled, and no one ſixe-pence begot or borne but preſently by an vntimely thrift it is getting more. His chimney muſt not bee acquainted with fire for feare of miſchance, but if extremitie of cold pinch him hee gets him heat with looking on, & ſometime remouing his aged woodpile which he means to leaue to many diſcents till it hath out-liued all the woods of that countrie. Hee neuer ſpends candle but at Chriſtmas (when hee has them for new yeares gifts) in hope that his ſeruants will break glaſſes for want of light, which they doubly pay for in their wages; his actions are guilty of more crimes then any other mens thoughts, and he conceiues no ſinne which hee dare not act ſaue onely luſt, from which he abſtaines for feare he ſhould be charged with keeping baſtards: once a yeare he feaſts, the relickes of which meale ſhall ſerue him the next quarter. In his talke he rayles againſt eating of breake-

fasts, drinking betwixt meales, and sweares hee is impouerished with paying of tythes. Hee had rather haue the frame of the world fall then the price of Corne; If he chance to trauell hee curses his fortune that his place bindes him to ride, and his faithfull cloke-bag is sure to take care for his prouision. His nights are as troublesome as the dayes, euerie Rat awaks him out of his vnquiet sleeps; If he haue a Daughter to marry, hee wishes hee were in Hungary, or might follow the custome of that Countrie, that all her portion might be a wedding Gowne. If he fall sicke, hee had rather die a thousand deaths then pay for any Physicke, and if he might haue his choyce, hee would not goe to heauen but on condition he may put money to vse there. In fine, hee liues a drudge, dies a wretch, that leaues a heape of pelfe (which so many carefull hands had scraped together) to haste after him to Hell, and by the way it lodges in a Lawyers purse.

The proud man

IS one in whom pride is a qualitie that condemnes euery one besides his Master, who

who when he weares new cloathes thinkes himselfe wrong'd if they bee not obserued, imitated, and his discretion in the choyce of his fashion and stuffe applauded: when hee vouchsafes to blesse the ayre with his presence, he goes as neere the wall as his sattin Suite will giue him leaue, and euery passenger hee viewes vnder the eyebrowes, to obserue whether hee vails his Bonnet low enough which hee returnes with an Impetious Nod; Hee neuer salutes first, but his farewell is perpetuall. In his attire he is effeminate, euery haire knowes his owne station, which if it chance to lose, it is checkt in againe with his pocket combe. He had rather haue the whole Common-wealth out of order, then the least member of his Muchatoe, and chooses rather to lose his Patrimonie then to haue his Band ruffled at a feast; if he be not placed in the highest seat, he eates nothing, howsoeuer hee drinkes to no man, talkes with no man for feare of familiaritie. Hee professeth to keepe his stomacke for the Pheasant or the Quayle, and when they come he can eate little hee hath beene so cloyed with them that yeare, al-

though they be the first hee saw. In his discourse hee talkes of none but Priuie Counsellors, & is as prone to belie their acquaintance as he is a Ladies fauours: if hee haue but twelue pence in his purse, he will giue it for the best roome in a play-house. He goes to Sermons, onely to shew his cloathes, and if on other inferiour dayes hee chance to meete his friend, he is sorry he sees him not in his best Suite.

A Prison

IT should be Christs hospitall: for most of your wealthy Citizens are good benefactors to it; and yet it can hardly bee so, because so few in it are kept vpon almes. Charities house and this are built many miles asunder. One thing notwithstanding is here prayse-worthy, for men in this persecution cannot choose but proue good Christians, in that they are a kind of Martyrs and suffer for the truth. And yet it is so cursed a peece of land, that the sonne is ashamed to be his fathers heire in it. It is an infected pesthouse all the yeare long: the plague sores of the law are diseases here hotly raigning. The Surgeons are Atturneyes and Pettifoggers,

who

who kill more then they cure. *Lord haue mercie vpon vs*, may well ſtand ouer theſe doores, for debt is a moſt dangerous & catching City-peſtilence. Some take this place for the walkes in Moorefields, (by reaſon the mad-men are ſo neere) but the croſſes here and there are not alike. No: it is not halfe ſo ſweete an ayre: for it is the dunghill of the law, vpon which are throwne the ruines of Gentry, and the Naſty heapes of voluntary-decayed Bankerupts: by which meanes it comes to be a perfect meddall of the Iron age, ſithence nothing but gingling of keyes, ratling of ſhackles, bolts and grates are here to be heard. It is the horſe of Troy in whoſe wombe are ſhut vp all the madde Greeks that were men of action. The *Nullum vacuum* (vnleſſe in priſoners bellies) is here truely to bee proued. One excellent effect is wrought by the place it ſelfe, for the arranteſt coward breathing, being poaſted hither, comes in three dayes to an admirable ſtomacke. Does any man deſire to learne muſicke? euerie man here ſings *Lachrymæ* at firſt ſight, and is hardly out; runnes diuiſion vpon euery note, and yet (to their commen-

dations be it ſpoken) none of them (for all that diuiſion) doe trouble the Church; they are no Anabaptiſts; if you aske vnder what Horizon this Climate lies, the Bermudas & it are both vnder one & the ſame height. And whereas ſome ſuppoſe that this Iland (like that) is haunted with Deuils, it is not ſo: for thoſe Deuils (ſo talked of and feared) are none elſe but hoggiſh Iaylors. Hither you neede not ſayle, for it is a ſhip of it ſelfe: the Maſters ſide is the vpper decke: They in the common Iayle lye vnder hatches and helpe to ballaſt it; Intricate caſes are the tackling, Executions the Anchors, Capiaſſes the Cables, Chancery-bils the huge Sayles, a long Terme the Maſt, Law the Helme, a Iudge the Pylot, a Councell the Purſer, an Atturney the Boatſwaine, his fleeting Clarke the Swabber, Bonds the Waues, Outlawries guſts, The verdicts of Iuries rough Windes, Extents the Rockes that ſplit all in peeces. Or if it be not a ſhip, yet this and a Shippe differ not much in the building; the one is a mouing miſery, the other a ſtanding. The firſt is ſeated on a Spring, the ſecond on Pyles. Eyther this

place

place is an Embleme of a Bawdy-house, or a Bawdy-house of it; for nothing is to bee seene (in any Roome) but scuruy Beds and bare walles. But not so much to dishonour it) it is an Vniuersitie of poore Schollers, in which three Arts are chiefly studied: To pray, to curse, and to write Letters.

A Prisoner

IS one that hath beene a monyed man, & is still a very close fellow; whosoeuer is of his acquaintance, let thē make much of him for they shall find him as fast a friend as any in England: he is a sure man, and you know where to finde him. The corruption of a Bankerupt, is commonly the generation of this creature: hee dwels on the backeside of the world, in the suburbes of societie, and liues in a Tenement which hee is sure none will goe about to take ouer his head. To a man that walkes abroad, hee is one of the *Antipodes*; That goes not on the top of the the world; And This vnder it. At his first comming in, he is a *peece* of *new Coyne*, all sharking olde prisoners lye sucking at his purse. An olde man and *He* are much alike, neyther

neyther of them both goe farre. They are ſtill angry, and peeuiſh, & they ſleepe little. He was borne at the *fall of Babel*, the confuſion of languages is onely in his mouth; All the vacations, he ſpeakes as good Engliſh, as any man in England: But in *Tearme times* he breakes out of that hopping one-legg'd pace, into a *racking trot* of *Iſſues, Billes, Replications, Reioynders, Demures, Querrels, Subpenaes, &c.* able to fright a ſimple countrie-fellow, and make him beleeue hee coniures. Whatſoeuer his complexion was before, it *turnes* (in this place) to *choller* or deepe *melancholly*, ſo that hee needes euery houre to take *Phyſicke* to looſe his body, for that (like his eſtate) is very *foule* and *corrupt*, and extreamely *hard bound*. The taking of an *Execution* off his ſtomacke giues him fiue or ſix ſtooles, & leaues his body very ſoluble. The *withdrawing* of an action is a *vomit*. Hee is no ſound man, & yet an vtter Barreſter (nay a Sargeant of the caſe) will feede heartily vpon him, hee is very good picking meate for a Lawyer. The Barber Surgeons may (if they will) beg him for an *Anatomie* after hee hath ſuffered execution, an excellent

Lecture

Lecture made be made vpon his body: for hee is a kinde of a dead carcaſſe, *Creditors*, *Lawyers* and *Iaylors* deuoure it, *Creditors* pecke out his eyes with his owne teares, *Lawyers* flea off his owne skinne, & lap him in parchment, & *Iaylors* are the *Promethean vultures* that gnaw his very heart. Hee is a bondſlaue to the law, and (albeit hee were a Shop-keeper in *London*) yet he cannot with ſafe conſcience write himſelfe a *freeman*. His *religion* is of fiue or ſixe colours, this day he prayes that God would turne the hearts of his Creditors. And to morrow hee curſeth the time that euer he ſaw them. His *apparell* is daub'd commonly with *ſtatute-lace*, the *ſuite* it ſelfe of *durance*, and the *hoſe* full of long Paines: Hee hath many other laſting ſuits, which hee himſelfe is neuer able to *weare* out, for they *weare* out him. The *Zodiacke* of his life is like that of the *Sunne*, (marry not halfe ſo glorious.) It begins in *Aries* and ends in *Piſces*. Both *Head* & *Feete* are (all the yeare long) in troubleſome and laborious *motions*, and *Weſtminſter Hall* is his *Spheare*. He liues betweene the two *Tropickes* (*Cancer* and *Capricorne*) and by that meanes

meanes is in double danger (of crabbed creditors) for his *purſe*, and *hornes* for his *head* if his wiues heeles be light. If he be a *Gentleman* he alters his *armes* ſo ſoone as he comes in. Few (heere) carry *fields* or *argent*, but whatſoeuer they bare before, here they giue onely *Sables*. Whiles he lies by it, hee's trauelling ore the *Alpes*, and the hearts of his creditors are the ſnowes that lye vnmelted in the middle of Summer. He is an *Almanacke* out of date: none of his dayes ſpeakes of faire weather. Of all the files of men, hee marcheth in the laſt, and comes limping, for he is ſhot and is no man of this world. He hath loſt his way, and being benighted ſtrayed into a wood full of *wolues*, and nothing ſo hard as to *get away* without being deuoured. He that walks from ſixe to ſixe in *Pauls*, goes ſtill but a Coyts caſt before this man.

A Creditor

IS a fellow that torments men for their good *conditions*. He is one of *Deucalions* ſonnes begotten of a ſtone. The marble images in the Temple Church that lie croſſe-legg'd doe much reſemble *him*, ſauing that

this

this is a little more *Crosse*. He weares a forfeited band vnder that part of his girdle where his *thumbe* stickes, with as much pride as a *Welch-man* does a *leeke* on Saint *Dauids day*, and quarrells more and longer about it. Hee is a *Catchpoles* morning draught, for the newes that such a gallant's come yesternight to Towne, drawes out of him both muscadell and money to. He sayes the *Lords prayer backewards*, or (to speake better of him) he hath a *Pater noster* by himselfe, & that *particle*, *Forgiue vs our debts as we forgiue others*, &c. He eyther quite leaues out, or else leaps ouer it. It is a dangerous Rub in the Ally of his conscience. He is the *bloud-hound* of the *law* and hunts *counter* very swiftly & with great iudgement. Hee hath a *quicke-sent* to smell out his game, and a good *deepe mouth* to pursue it, yet neuer opens till he bites, and bites not but hee *killes*, or at least drawes *bloud*, and then hee *pincheth* most *doggedly*. He is a Lawyers moyle, and the onely beast, vpon which he *ambles* so often to *Westminster*. And a *Lawyer* is his *God almighty*, in *him* onely he trusts, to *him* he flies in all his troubles, from *him* hee seekes succour, to *him* he prayes,

prayes, that hee may by his meanes ouercome his enemies: *Him* does hee worship both in the *Temple* and *abroad*, and hopes by *him* and good *Angels* to prosper in all his *actions*. A Scriuener is his *Farier*, and helpes to recouer all his diseased and maymed obligations. Euerie Tearme hee sets vp a *Tenters* in Westminster Hall, vpon which hee racks and stretches *Gentlemen* like English *broadcloth*, beyond the staple of the *woolt*, till the threds cracke, & that causeth them with the least wet to shrinke; and presently to weare *bare*; Marry he handles a Citizen (at least if himselfe be one) like a peece of *Spanish cloth*, giues him onely but a twitch and straines him not too hard, knowing how apt hee is to *breake of himselfe*, and then hee can cut nothing out of him but shreds. To the one hee comes like *Tamberlaine*, with his *blacke* and *bloudy flagge*. But to the other, his white one hangs out, and (vpon the parley) rather then fayle, hee takes ten groats i'the pound for his *ransome*, and so lets him *march* away with *Bagge* & *Baggage*: From the beginning of *Hillary* to th'end of *Michaelmas*, his purse is full of *quicke-siluer*, and that sets him

him running from *Sun-rise* to *Sun-set*, vp *Fleeete-streete*, and so to the *Chancery*, from thence to *Westminster*, then backe to one *Court*, after that to another, then to *Atturney*, then to a *Counsellour*, and in euery of these places he melts some of his *fat* (his money.) In the vacation hee goes to grasse and gets vp his *flesh* againe, which hee bates as you haue heard. If he were to be hang'd, vnlesse he could be saud by his booke, he cannot for his heart call for a *Psalme* of *mercie*. He is a *Law-trap bayted* with parchment & waxe; the fearefull *Mice* he catches, are debtors, with whom *scratching Atturneys* (like *Cats*) play a good while, and then *mouze* them. The *belly* is an *vnsatiable creditor*, but *man* worse.

A Sergeant

VVAs once taken (when he *bare office* in his Parish) for an honest man. The spawne of a *decayed Shop-keeper* begets this *Fry*; out of that *dunghill* is this *Serpents egge* hatched. It is a Deuill made sometimes out of one of the twelue Companies, and does but study the part and rehearse it on earth, to be perfect when he comes to act it

in

in hell: that is his ſtage. The hangman and he are *twinnes*, onely the *Hangman* is the elder brother, and he dying without iſſue (as commonly he does, for none but a *Rope-makers* widdow will marry him) this then inherites. His *habite* is a *long Gowne* made at firſt to couer his knauerie, but that *growing* too monſtrous, hee now goes in buffe: his conſcience and that, being both *cut* out of one Hide, and are of one toughneſſe. The *Countergate* is his *kennell*, the *whole Citie* his *Paris Garden*, the miſerie of a poore man (but eſpecially a bad liuer) is the offals on which hee feedes. The Deuill cals him his *white Sonne*; he is ſo like him, that he is the worſe for it, & hee takes after his father, for the one *torments bodies* as faſt as the other *tortures ſoules*. *Money* is the *cruſt* he leapes at; *crie a Ducke*, a *Ducke*, and he plunges not in ſo eagerly as at *this*. The *dogs chaps water* to fetch nothing elſe: he hath his name for the ſame qualitie, for *Sergeant* is *Quaſi See Argent* look you *Rogue* here is money. He goes *muffled* like a theefe, & carries ſtill the marks of one, for he *ſteales* vpon a man cowardly, *pluckes* him by the throat, makes him *ſtand*,

and

and fleeces him. In this they differ, the theefe is more *valiant* and more *honeſt*. His walks in Terme time are vp *Fleete-ſtreete*, at the end of the Terme vp Holborne, and ſo to Tyburne, the gallowes are his purlues, in which the *Hang-man* and *Hee* are *Quarter-rangers*, the one *turnes* off, & the other *cuts downe*. All the vacation hee lies imboag'de behinde the lattice of ſome blinde drunken, bawdy Ale-houſe, and if he ſpy his prey out he leapes, like a free-booter, and riffles; or like a *Ban-dog*, worries. No officer to the City, keepes his oath ſo *vprightly*; hee neuer is forſworne, for he ſweares to bee *true varlet* to the Citie, & he continues ſo to his dying day. *Mace* which is ſo comfortable to the ſtomacke in all kinde of meats, turnes in his hand to mortall poyſon. This Rauen pecks not out mens eyes as others doe, all his ſpite is at their ſhoulders, and you were better to haue the *Night Mare* ride you, then this *Incubus*. When any of the Furies in Hell die, this *Cacodemon* hath the reuerſion of his place. Hee will venture as deſperately vpon the *Pexe* as any *Roaring Boy* of them all. For when hee arreſts a *whore*, himſelfe puts her

in, common bayle at his owne perill,& ſhe payes him ſoundly for his labour; vpon one of the Shiriffes Cuſtards he is not ſo greedy, nor ſo ſharpe ſet, as at ſuch a ſtew-pot. The Citie is (by the cuſtome) to feede him with good meate, as they ſend dead horſes to their hounds, onely to keepe them both in good heart, for not onely thoſe *Curs* at the *Doghouſe*, but theſe within the wals, are to ſerue in their places, in their ſeuerall huntings. He is a Citizens birdlime, and where he holds he hangs.

This Yeoman

IS the *Hangar* that a *Sargeant* weares by his ſide, it is a falſe Die of the ſame *Bale*, but not the ſame *Cut*, for it runnes ſomewhat *higher* and does more miſchiefe. It is a *Tumbler* to driue in the *Conies*. He is yet but a *bungler*, and knowes not how to cut vp a man without *tearing*, but by a patterne. One *Terme* fleſhes him, or a *Fleet-ſtreet breakfaſt*. The *Deuill* is but his father in *law*,& yet for th'loue he bears him, wil leaue him aſmuch as if he were his owne childe. And for that cauſe (in ſtead of prayers) hee does euerie morning

morning at the *Counter-gate* aske him *bleſſing*, and thriues the better in his *actions* all the day after. This is the hooke that hangs vnder water to choake the *fiſh*, and his Sergeant is the *quill* aboue water, which pops downe ſo ſoone as euer the *bait* is ſwallowed. It is indeede an *Otter*, and the more terrible deſtroyer of the two. This *Counter-Rat* hath a tayle as long as his fellowes, but his teeth are more ſharpe, and hee more hungry, becauſe hee does but ſnap, and hath not his full *halfe ſhare* of the booty. The eye of this Wolfe is as quicke in his head, as a *Cut purſes* in a throng, and as nimble is he at his buſineſſe, as a *Hang-man* at an *execution*. His *office* is as the dogs to worrie the ſheepe firſt, or driue him to the ſhambles; the Butcher that cuts his throate ſteps out afterwards, & that's his *Sargeant*. His liuing lies within the Citie, but his *conſcience* lies *bedrid* in one of the holes of a *Counter*. This Eele is bred too, out of the mud of a Bankerupt, and dies commonly with his guts ript vp, or elſe a ſudden ſtab ſends him of his laſt errand. He will very greedily take a cut with a ſword, and ſucke more ſiluer out of the

wound then his *Surgeon* ſhall. His beginning is deteſtable, his courſes deſperate, and his end damnable.

A common cruell Iaylor

IS a creature miſtaken in the making, for he ſhould be a Tyger, but the ſhape being thought too terrible, it is couered; and hee weares the vizor of a man, yet retaines the qualities of his former fierceneſſe, curriſhneſſe, and rauening. Of that red earth, of which man was faſhioned, this peece was the baſeſt, of the rubbiſh which was left, and throwne by, came this Iaylor, his deſcent is then more ancient, but more ignoble, for he comes of the race of thoſe Angels that fell with *Lucifer* from heauen, whither hee neuer (or very hardly returnes. Of all his bunches of keyes not one hath wards to open that doore; For this Iaylours ſoule ſtands not vpon thoſe two Pillers that ſupport heauen, (*Iuſtice* and *Mercie*) it rather ſits vpon thoſe two foote-ſtooles of hell, *Wrong* and *Crueltie*. He is a Iudges ſlaue, and a priſoner's his. In this they differ, hee is a voluntarie one, the other compeld. He is the

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What a Character is.

IF I muſt ſpeake the Schoole-maſters language, I will confeſſe that Character comes of this Infinitiue moode χαράξω, which ſignifies to engraue, or make a deepe Impreſſion. And for that cauſe, a letter (as A. B.) is called a Character. Thoſe Elements which we learn firſt, leauing a ſtrong ſeale in our memories. Character is alſo taken for an Egyptian Hieroglyphycke, for an impreſe, or ſhort Embleme, in little comprehending much. To ſquare out a Chara-

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The Character of a happy life *by* Sir *H. VV.*

How happie is he borne or taught,
That ſerueth not anothers will;
Whoſe Armour is his honeſt thought,
And ſilly Truth *his higheſt skill.*

Whoſe paſſions not his Maſters are,
Whoſe ſoule is ſtill prepar'd for death:
Vntyed vnto the world with care
Of Princely loue, or vulgar breath.

Who hath his life from rumors freed,
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Whoſe ſtate can neyther flatterers feed,
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Who enuieth none whom chance doth rayſe.
Or vice: who neuer vnderſtood,
How deepeſt wounds are giuen with prayſe,
Not rules of ſtate, but rules of good.

Who God doth late and earely pray,
More of his grace, then gifts to lend;
Who entertaynes the harmeleſſe day,
With a well choſen Booke or Friend.

This man is free from ſeruile bands,
Of hope to riſe, or feare to fall;
Lord of himſelfe, though not of Lands:
And hauing nothing, he hath All.

Certaine verſes concerning the preſent eſtate of Man.

THe world's a bubble, and the life of Man,
leſſe then a Span;
In his conception wretched from the wombe,
ſo to the Tombe;
Curſt from his Cradle and ſo brought to yeares
by cares and feares:
Who then to fraile mortalitie doth truſt,
But liues in water or but writes in duſt.

Yet whil'ſt with ſorrow here we liue oppreſt,
what life is beſt?
Courts are but onely ſuperficiall ſchooles
to dandle fooles;
The Rurall parts are turned to a Den
of ſauage men;
And where's a Citie from all vices ſo free
But may be tearmed the worſt of all three?

Domeſticke cares afflict the husbands bed,
or paines his head;
Thoſe that liue ſingle take it for a curſe,
or doe things worſe:
Some would haue children, thoſe that haue them mone,
or wiſh them gone;
What is it then to haue or haue no wife,
But ſingle thraldome or a double ſtrife?

Our owne affections ſtill at home to pleaſe
is a diſeaſe;
To croſſe the Seas to any forraine Soyle,
perill and toyle:
Wars with a noiſe affrights vs, when they ceaſe,
we are worſe in peace:
what thẽ remaines, but that we ſtill ſhould cry,
Not to be borne, or being borne to die?

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Courts are but onely ſuperficiall ſchooles
to dandle fooles;
The Rurall parts are turned to a Den
of ſauage men;
And where's a Citie from all vice ſo free
But may be tearmed the worſt of all three?

Domeſticke cares afflict the husbands bed,
or paines his head;
Thoſe that liue ſingle take it for a curſe,
or doe things worſe:
Some would haue children, thoſe that haue them none,
or wiſh them gone;
What is it then to haue or haue no wife,
But ſingle thraldome or a double ſtrife?

Our owne affections ſtill at home to pleaſe
is a diſeaſe;
To croſſe the Seas to any forraine Soyle,
perill and toyle:
Wars with a noiſe affrights vs, when they ceaſe,
we are worſe in peace:
what there remaines, but that we ſtill ſhould cry,
Not to be borne, or being borne to die?

An Eſſay of Valour.

I Am of opinion, that nothing is ſo potent eyther to procure, or merit Loue, as Valour, and I am glad I am ſo, for thereby I ſhall do my ſelfe much eaſe. Becauſe valour neuer needs much wit to maintaine it. To ſpeake of it in it ſelfe, It is a qualitie which hee that hath, ſhall haue leaſt neede of: ſo the beſt league between princes is a mutuall feare of each other. It teacheth a man to value his reputation as his life, and chiefly to hold the lie inſufferable, though being alone he finds no hurt it doth him. It leaues it ſelfe to others cenſures. For he that brags of his own, diſwades others from beleeuing it. It feareth a ſword no more than an Ague. It alwaies makes good the owner, for though he be generally held a foole, he ſhall ſeldome heare ſo much by word of mouth; and that inlargeth him more than any ſpectacles, for it maketh a little fellow to bee called a *Tall-man*. It yeelds the wall to none but a woman, whoſe weakeneſſe is her prerogatiue; or a man ſeconded with a woman, as an Vſher which alwayes goes before his betters. It makes a man become the witneſſe of his

his owne words, and ſtand to what euer hee hath ſaid, and thinketh it a reproach to commit his reuiling vnto the law. It furniſheth youth with action, and age with diſcourſe, and both by futures; for a man muſt neuer boaſt himſelfe in the preſent tenſe. And to come neerer home, nothing drawes a woman like to it, for valour towards men, is an Embleme of an Abilitie towards women, a good qualitie ſignifies a better: Nothing is more behooueſull for that Sexe, for from it they receiue protection, and we free from the danger of it: Nothing makes a ſhorter cut to obteyning, for a man of armes is alwayes voyd of ceremonie, which is the wall that ſtands betwixt *Piramus* and *Thisbe*, that is, Man and Woman, for there is no pride in women, but that which rebounds from our own baſeneſſe (as cowards grow valiant vpon thoſe that are more cowards) ſo that onely by our pale asking, we teach them to deny. And by our ſhamefac'tneſſe wee put them in minde to bee modeſt: whereas indeede it is cunning Rhetoricke to perſwade the hearers that they are that already, which wee would haue them to be. This kinde of

baſh-

baſhfulneſſe is farre from men of valour,& eſpecially from ſouldiers, for ſuch are euen men (without doubt) forward, and confident loſing no time, leſt they ſhould loſe opportunitie, which is the beſt factor for a Louer. And becauſe they know women are giuen to diſſemble; they will neuer beleeue them when they denie. Whilome before this age of wit, and wearing blacke broke in vpon vs, there was no way known to win a Lady, but by Tilting, Tourning, & Riding through Forreſts, in which time theſe ſlender ſtripplings with little legs, were held but of ſtrength enough to marry their widows. And euē in our dayes there can be giuen no reaſon of the inundation of ſeruingmē vpō their Miſtriſſes, but onely that vſually they carry their Miſtriſſes weapons, and his valour to be counted handſome, iuſt, learned, or welfauoured; all this carries no danger with it, but it is to be admitted to the title of valiant Acts, at leaſt the venturing of his mortalitie, and of all women take delight to hold him ſafe in their armes, who hath eſcaped thither through many dangers. To ſpeake at once, man hath a priuiledge in valour;

lour; In clothes and good faces we but imitate women, and many of that sexe will not thinke much (as farre as an answere goes) to dissemble wit too. So then these neate youthes, these women in mens apparell, are too neere a woman to bee beloued of her, they bee both of a Trade, but bee of grim aspect, and such a one a glasse dares take, and she will desire him for newnesse and varietie. A skar in a mans face is the same that a mole in a womans, & a mole in a womans, is a Iewell set in white to make it seeme more white; For a skar in a man is a marke of honour, and no blemish; for 'tis a skarre and a blemish in a Souldier to bee without one. Now as for all things else, which are to procure loue, as a good face, wit, cloathes, or a good body; each of them I confesse may worke somewhat for want of a better, that is, if valour bee not their Ryuall. A good face auailes nothing if it be in a coward that is bashfull, the vtmost of it is to bee kissed, which rather increaseth then quencheth appetite. Hee that sends her gifts, sends her word also that hee is a man of small gifts otherwise: for wooing by signes and tokens,

implies

implies the author dumbe. And if *Ouid* who wrote the Law of Loue were aliue (as hee is extant) would allow it as good a diuersitie, that gifts should bee sent as gratuities, not as bribes. Wit getteth rather promise then Loue. Wit is not to bee seene: and no woman takes aduice of any in her louing; but of her owne eyes and her wayting womans: Nay which is worse, wit is not to be felt, & so no good Bedfellow; wit applied to a woman makes her dissolue her sympering, and discouer her teeth with laughter, and this is surely a purge for loue; for the beginning of loue is a kinde of foolish melancholly. As for the man that makes his Taylor Bawd, and hopes to inueagle his loue with such a coloured suite, surely the same deepely hazards the losse of her fauour vpon euerie change of her cloathes. So likewise for the other that courts her silently with a good body, let mee certifie him that his cloathes depend vpon the comelinesse of his body, and so both vpon opinion. Shee that hath beene seduced by apparell, let me giue her to wit, that men alwayes put off their cloathes before they go to bed. And let her that hath beene

beene enamoured of her ſeruants body, vnderſtand that if ſhee ſaw him in a skinne of cloth, that is, in a ſuit made to that patterne of his body, ſhee would ſee ſlender cauſe to loue him euer after. There is no cloathes ſit ſo well in a womans eye, as a ſuite of ſteele, though not of the faſhion, and no man ſo ſoone ſurpriſeth a womans affections, as hee that is the ſubiect of all whiſpering, & hath alwayes twenty ſtories of his own deeds depending vpon him. Miſtake me not, I vnderſtand not by valour, one that neuer fights, but when he is backed with drinke or anger, or hiſſed on with beholders, nor one that is deſperate, nor one that takes away a ſeruingmans weapons, when perchance it coſt him his quarters wages, nor yet one that weares a priuie coat of defence, & therein is confident for then ſuch as made Bucklers would be counted the Catalines of the Commonwealth. I intend one of an euen reſolution grounded vpon reaſon: which is alwayes euen, hauing his power reſtrayned by the law of not doing wrong. But now I remember I am for valour, and therefore muſt bee a man of few words.

CER-

CERTAINE EDICTS from a Parlament in *Eutopia*; written by the Lady *Southwell*.

Inprimis, He that hath no other worth to commend him, then a good Suite of Apparell, ſhall not dare to woe a Lady in his owne behalfe, but ſhall be allowed to carry the Hieroglyphike of his friends affection.

Item, that no foule-fac'd Lady ſhall raile on her that is fairer, becauſe ſhe is fairer; nor ſeeke by blacke calumniation to darken her fame, vnleſſe ſhe be her corriuall.

Item, that no man may entitle himſelfe by the matchles name of a friend, that loues vp on condition, vnleſſe he be a ſchoole-maſter.

Item, that no Lady, which modeſtly keepes her houſe for want of good cloathes to viſite her Goſſips, ſhall profeſſe contempt of the worlds vanitie, vnleſſe ſhe ſee no hope of the tydes returning.

Item, that no Banckrupt knight, that to ſet vp ſhop againe becomes paraſite or Buffone to ſome great Lord, ſhall neuer after ſweare by his honour; but by his knighthood he may.

Item,

Item, that no Lady that vſeth to paint ſhall finde fault with her painter that hath not counterfeited her picture faire enough, vnleſſe ſhe will acknowledge her ſelfe to be the better counterfeiter.

Item, that no man, whoſe vaine loue hath beene reiected by a vertuous Lady, ſhall report that hee hath refuſed and caſt her off, vnleſſe he will take the baſe lying fellow by the next aſſaylant, ſo reiected, without any further quartell.

Item, that no Lady ſhall court her looking glaſſe, paſt one houre in a day, vnleſſe ſhee profeſſe to be an Inginer.

Item, that no Quarter-wayter ſhall feed on theeſe three quarters of a yeare to feaſt on ſatten one quarter, without *Galens* aduice, & the Apothecaries bill to bee written by a Taylor.

Item, that wench that is ouer enamored of her ſelfe, and thinkes all other ſo too, ſhall be bound to carry a burden of Birdlime on her backe, and ſpinne at a Barne-doore to catch fooles.

Item, hee that ſweareth when he loſeth his money at dice, ſhall challenge his damnati-

on by the way of purchaſe.

Item, no Lady that ſilently ſimpereth for want of wit, ſhall be call'd modeſt.

Item, no fellow that begins to argue with a woman, and wants wit to encounter her, ſhall thinke he hath redeem'd his credit by putting her to ſilence with ſome laſciuious diſcourſe, vnleſſe hee weare white for *William*, and greene for *Sommer*.

Item, no woman that remayneth conſtant for want of aſſault, ſhall bee called chaſte.

Item, he that profeſſeth vertuous loue to a woman, and giues ground when his vanitie is reiected, ſhall haue his bels cut off and flie for a haggard.

Item, ſhee that reſpecteth the good opinion of others, before the Being of good in her ſelfe, ſhall not refuſe the name of an hypocrite; and ſhee that imployes all her time in working trappings for her ſelfe, the name of ſpider: and ſhee that ſets the firſt queſt of enquirie amongſt her goſsips for new faſhions, ſhall not refuſe a ſtitcher for her ſecond husband.

Item, He that hath reported a Lady to be vertuous, for the which hee profeſſeth to

loue

loue her, yet vnder hand commenceth a base suit, and is disdained; shall not on this blow which his owne vice hath giuen him, out of policy raile suddenly on her, for feare he be noted for a vicious foole: but to his friend in priuate hee may say that his iudgement was blinded by her cunning disguise, and he that findes her wauering in goodnesse, & in time hee shall openly professe to rayle on her, but with such a modestie forsooth, as if hee were loth to bring his iudgement into question; nor would hee doe it, but that he prefers truth euen out of his owne teach.

NEWES FROM ANY WHENCE.

OR,

*OLD TRVTH, VNDER A SVP-*posall of Noueltie, occasioned by diuers Essaies *and priuate passages of wit, betweene sundry* Gentlemen vpon that subiect.

Newes from Court.

IT is thought here that there are as great miseries beyond happy-nesse, as a this side it, as *being in loue.* That truth is euerie mans by assenting. That time makes euery thing

aged, and yet it selfe was neuer but a minute olde. That, next sleepe, the greatest deuourer of time is businesse: the greatest stretcher of it, *Passion*: the truest measure of it, *Contemplation*. To bee saued, alwayes is the best plot: and vertue alwayes cleeres her way as shee goes. *Vice* is euer behind-hand with it selfe. That *Wit* and *a woman* are two frayle things, and both the frailer by concurring. That the meanes of begetting a man, hath more increast mankinde then the end. That the madnesse of Loue is to bee sicke of one part, and cured by another. The madnesse of Iealousie, that it is so diligent, & yet it hopes to lose his labour. That all women for the bodily part, are but the same meaning put in diuers words. That the difference in the sense is their vnderstanding: That the wisedome of *Action* is *discretion*; the knowledge of *Contemplation* is truth: the knowledge of action is men. That the first considers what should be, the latter makes vse of what is. That euery man is weake in his own humors. That euery man a little beyond himselfe is a foole. That affectation is the more ridiculous part of folly then ignorance.

That

That the matter of greatnes is comparison. That God made one world of *Substances*, Man hath made another of *Art* and *Opinions*. That Money is nothing but a thing which *Art* hath turned vp *Trumpe*. That custome is the soule of circumstances. That custome hath so farre preuayled, that *Truth* is now the greatest newes. Sir *T. Ouer*.

Answere to the Court Newes.

THat *Happynesse* and *Misery* are *Antipodes*. That *Goodnesse* is not *Felicitie*, but the rode thither. That Mans strength is but a vicissitude of falling and rising. That only to refraine ill, is to bee ill still. That the plot of Saluation was layde before the plot of *Paradise*. That enioying is the preparatiue to contemning. That he that seeks opinion beyond merit, goes iust so farre backe. That no man can obtayne his desires; nor in the world hath not to his measure. That to study, men are more profitable then bookes. That mens loues are their afflictions. That titles of honour, are rattles to still ambition. That to be a King, is *Fames Butte*, and *Feares Quiuer*. That the soules of Women & Lo-

uers, are wrapt in the portmanque of their ſenſes. That imagination is the end of man. That wit is the webbe, and wiſedome the wooſe of the cloth; ſo that womens ſoules were neuer made vp. That enuie knowes what it will not confeſſe. That *Goodneſſe* is like the Art *Proſpectiue*: one point Center, begetting infinite rayes. That Man, woman, and the deuill, are the three degrees of compariſon. That this newes holds number, but not weight, by which couple all things receiue forme.

Country Newes.

THat there is moſt here, for it gathers in going. That reputation is meaſured by the Acre. That pouertie is the greateſt diſhoneſtie. That the pittie of *Alaſſe poore ſoule*, is for the moſt part miſtaken. That roſt Beefe is the beſt ſmell. That a Iuſtice of Peace is the beſt relicke of Idolatry. That the Allegory of Iuſtice drawne blinde, is turned the wrong way. That not to liue to heauenly is accounted great wrong. That wiſedome deſcends in a race. That wee loue names better then perſons. That to hold in Knights ſeruice, is a ſlippery ſeruice. That a Papiſt is a

new

new word for a traytor. That the duty of religion is lent, not pay'd. That the reward is loſt in the want of humility. That the puritan perſecution is as a cloud that can hid the glory of the light, but not the day. That the emulation of the *Engliſh* and *Scots* to be the *Kings* Countrie-men, thruſt the honour on the *Welſh*. That a courtier neuer attaines his ſelfeknowledge, but by report. That his beſt emblem is a hearndog. That many great mē are ſo proud that they know not their owne fathers. That loue is the tayle-worme. That a woman is the effect of her own firſt ſame. That to remember, to know, and to vnderſtand, are three degrees not vnderſtood. That Countrey ambition is no vice, for there is nothing aboue a man. That fighting is a ſeruingmans valour: Martyrdome their Maſters. That to liue long is to fill vp the dayes wee liue. That the zeale of ſome mens Religion reflects from their Friendes. That the pleaſure of vice is indulgence of the preſent, for it endures but the acting. That the proper reward of goodnes is from within, the externall is policie. That good and ill is the Croſſe and Pile in the ayme of

life. That the Soule is the lampe of the body, Reason of the Soule, Religion of Reason, Faith of Religion, Christ of Faith. That circumstances are the Atomies of Policie, Censure the being, Action the life, but successe the ornament. That authority presseth downe with weight, & is thought violence. Policie trips vp the heeles and is called the dexteritie. That this life is a throng in a narrow passage, he that is first out, finds ease, he in the middle worst hem'd in with troubles, the hindmost that driues both out afore him, though not suffering wrong, hath his part in doing it. That God requires of our debts a reckoning, not payment. That heauen is the easiest purchase, for we are the richer for the disbursing. That liberalitie should haue no obiect but the poore, if our minds were rich. That the mysterie of greatnesse is to keepe the inferiour ignorant of it. That all this is no Newes to a better wit. *That the Citie cares not what the Countrie thinks.* Sir T. R.

Newes from the very Countrey.

THat it is a Fripery of Courtiers, Marchants, & others, which haue beene in fashion,

fashion, and are very neere worne out. That Iustices of Peace haue the felling of vnderwoods, but the Lords haue the great fals. The Iesuits are like Apricocks, heretofore, here and there one succour'd in a great mans house, and cost deare; now you may haue them for nothing in euery cottage. That euery great Vice is a Pike in a Pond, that deuours vertues, & lesse vices. That it is wholesome getting a stomack by walking on your owne ground: and the thriftiest laying of it at anothers table. That debtors are in *London* close prisoners, and here haue the libertie of the house. That *Atheists* in affliction, like blind beggers, are forced to aske, though they knowe not of whome. That there are (God be thanked) not two such Acres in all the Countrey, as the *Exchange* & *Westminster Hall*. That only Christmas Lords know their ends. That Women are not so tender fruit, but that they doe aswell, & beare aswel vpon beds, as plashed against walles. That our Carts are neuer worse imployed, then when they are waighted on by Coaches. That Sentences in Authours, like haires in horse tayles, concurre in one roote of beauty

and

and ſtrength, but being pluckt out one by one, ſerue onely for ſpringes & ſnares. That both want and abundance, equally aduance a rectified man from the world, as cotton & ſtones are both good caſting for an Hawke. That I am ſure there is none of the forbidden fruit left, becauſe we do not all eat therof. That our beſt three-pild miſchiefe comes from beyond the ſea, and rides poſt through the countrey, but his errand is to Court. That next to no wife and children, your owne are the beſt paſtime, anothers wife & your children worſe, your wife & anothers children worſt. That Stateſmen hunt their fortunes, and are often at default: Fauourits courſe her, & are euer in view. That intẽperance is not ſo vnwholeſome here; for none euer ſaw Sparrow ſicke of the poxe. That here is no trechery nor fidelitie, but it is becauſe here are no ſecrets. That Court-motions are vp & down; ours circular: theirs like ſquibs cãnot ſtay at the higheſt, nor returnto the place which they roſe frõ, but vaniſh & weare out in the way: ours like Mil-wheeles, buſie without changing place; they haue peremptorie fortunes; we viciſſitudes. *I. D.*

Anſwer

Answer the very countrey Newes.

IT is a thought, that man is the Cooke of time, and made dreſſer of his own fatting. That the fiue Senſes are the Cinque-ports for temptation, the Trafficke ſin, the Lieutenant *Sathan*, the cuſtome-tribute, Soules. That the Citizens of high Court grow rich by ſimplicity, but thoſe of *London*, by ſimple craft. That life, death, and time, doe with ſhort cudgels dance the Matachine. That thoſe which dwell vnder the *Zona Torrida*, are troubled with more damps, than thoſe of *Frigida*. That *Policy* and *Superſtition* hath of late maske rent from her face, and ſhee is found with a wrie mouth and a ſtinking breath, & thoſe that courted her hotly, hate her now in the ſame degree or beyond. That nature too much louing her owne, becomes vnnaturall & fooliſh. That the ſoule in ſome is like an egge, hatched by a young Puller, who often riging from her neſt, makes hot and cold beget rottenneſſe, which her wanton youth will not beleeue, till the faire ſhel being broken, the ſtinke appeareth to profit others, but cannot her. That thoſe are the wiſe ones, that hold the ſuperficies of ver-

tue,

tue, to ſupport her contrary, all-ſufficient? That clemencie within and without is the nurſe of rebellion. That thought of the future is retired into the countrey, and time preſent dwels at Court. That I liuing neere the Church-yard, where many are buried of the Peſt, yet my infection commeth from *Spaine*, & yet it is feared it will diſperſe further into the Kingdome. *A. S.*

Newes to the Vniuerſitie.

A Meere Scholler is but a liue booke. Action doth expreſſe knowledge better then wordes; ſo much of the Soule is loſt as the body cannot vtter. To teach, ſhould rather bee an effect, then the purpoſe of learning. Age decayes nature, perfects Art: therfore the glory of youth, is ſtrength; of the gray head wiſedome; yet moſt condemne the follies of their owne infancie, runne after thoſe of the worlds, and in reuerence of antiquitie will beare an olde error againſt a new truth. *Logicke* is the *Heraldry* of Arts, the array of Iudgement, none it ſelfe, nor any Science without it: where it and learning meete not, muſt bee eyther a skilfull ignorance,

ignorance, or a wilde knowledge. Vnderſtanding cannot conclude out of moode & figure. Diſcretion containes *Rhetoricke*; the next way to learne good words, is to learne ſenſe; the neweſt *Philoſophie* is foundeſt, the eldeſt *Diuinitie*: *Aſtronomy* begins in nature, ends in Magicke. There is no honeſty of the body without health, which no man hath had ſince *Adam*. *Intemperance* that was the firſt mother of ſickeneſſe, is now the daughter. Nothing dyes but qualities. No kinde in the world can periſh without ruine of the whole. All parts helpe one another (like States) for particular intereſt: So in Artes which are but tranſlations of nature, there is no ſound poſition in any one, which, imagine falſe, there may not from it be drawne ſtrong concluſions, to diſproue all the reſt. Where one truth is granted, it may bee by direct meanes brought to cõfirme any other controuerted. The ſoule and body of the firſt man, were made fit to bee immortall together: we cannot liue to the one, but we muſt dye to the other. A man and a Chriſtian are two creatures. Our perfection in this world is vertue; in the next knowledge; when wee

ſhall

shall read the glory of God in his own face.

Newes from Sea.

THat the best pleasure is to haue no obiect of pleasure, & vniformitie is a better prospect then varietie. That putting to Sea is change of life, but not of condition; where risings and fals, Calmes, and Crosse-gales are yours, in order and turne; fore-windes but by chance. That it is the worst winde to haue no winde, and that your smooth fac'd courtier, deading your course by a calme giues greater impediment, then an open enemies Crosse-gale. That leuitie is a vertue, for many are held vp by it. That it's nothing so intricate and infinite, to rigge a shippe as a Woman, and the more eyther is fraught, the apter to leake. That to pumpe the one, and shreeue the other, is alike noysome. That small faultes habituated, are as dangerous as little leakes vnfound; and that to punish & not preuent, is to labour in the pumpe, and leaue the leake open. That it is best striking Sayle before a storme, and necessariest in it. That a little time in our life is best, as the shortest cut to our Hauen is the hap-

happyeſt voyage. That to him that hath no Hauen, no winde is friendly; & yet it is better to haue no Hauen, then ſome kinde of one. That expedition is euery where to bee bribed but at Sea. That gaine works this miracle, to make men walke vpon the water; and that the ſound of Commoditie drowns the noiſe of a Storme, eſpecially of an abſent one. That I haue once in my life outgone night at Sea, but neuer darkeneſſe; and that I ſhall neuer wonder to ſee a hard world, becauſe I haue liued to ſee the Sun a bankrupt, being ready to ſtarue for cold in his perpetuall preſence. That a mans companions are (like ſhips) to be kept in diſtance, for falling foule one of another; onely with my friend I will cloſe. That the faireſt field for a running head is the Sea, where he may run himſelfe out of breath, & his humour out of him. That I could carry you much further, and yet leaue more before then behinde, and all will be but *via Nauis*, without print or tracke, for ſo is mortall inſtruction to youths watriſh humour. That though a ſhip vnder ſayle be a good ſight, yet it is better to ſee her moor'd in the Hauen. That I

care

care not what become of this fraile Barke of my flesh, so I saue the passenger. And heere I cast Anchor. *W. S.*

Forraine newes of the yeare 1622.

From France.

IT is deliuered frō *France*, that the choyce of friends there, is as of their wines: those that being new, are hard and harsh, proue best: the most pleasing are least lasting. That an enemie fierce at the first onset, is as a torrent tumbling downe a mountaine, a while it beares all before it: haue but that whiles patience, you may passe it dry foote. That a penetrating iudgement may enter into a mans minde by his bodies gate; if this appeare affected, apish and vnstable; a wonder if that be setled. That vaine glory, new fashions, and the *French* disease, are vpon termes of quitting their countries Allegeance to be made free Denisons of *England*. That the wounds of an ancient enmitie haue their scarres, which cannot be so well closed to the sight, but they will lye open to the memory. That a Princes pleasurable vices, vshered by

autho-

authoritie, and wayted on by continuence, ſooner puniſh themſelues by the ſubiects imitation, then they can be reformed by remonſtrance or correction: ſo apt are all ill examples to rebound on them that giue them. That Kings heare truth oftener for the tellers, then their owne aduantage

From Spaine.

THat the ſhorteſt cut to the riches of the *Indies*, is by their contempt. That who is feared of moſt feares moſt. That it more vexeth the proud, that men deſpiſe them, then that they not feare thē: that greatnes is fruitfull enough, when other helpes faile, to beget on it ſelfe deſtructiō. That it is a groſſe flattering of tired crueltie, to honeſt it with the title of clemencie. That to eate much at other mens coſt, and little at his owne, is the wholeſomeſt & moſt nouriſhing diet, both in Court and countrey. That thoſe are apteſt to domineere ouer others, who by ſuffering indignities haue learned to offer them. That ambition like a ſilly Dwue flies vp to fall downe, it mindes not whence it came, but whether it will. That euē galley-ſlaues,

ſetting light by their captiuitie, finde freedome in bondage. That to be ſlow in military buſineſſe, is to be ſo courteous as to giue the way to an enemie. That lightning and greatneſſe more feare then hurt.

From Rome.

THat the Venereall (called veniall) ſin is to paſſe in the ranke of Cardinall vertues; and that thoſe ſhould bee held henceforth his Holineſſe beneficiall friends, that ſinne vpon hope of pardon. That where vice is a State-commodity, he is an offender that often offends not. That Iewes & Curtezans there, are as beaſts that men feed, to feed on. That for an Engliſh man to abide at *Rome*, is not ſo dangerous as report makes it; ſince it skilles not where wee liue, ſo wee take heede how wee liue. That greatneſſe comes not downe by the way it went vp, there being often found a ſmall diſtance betweene the higheſt and the loweſt Fortunes. That racke authoritie is oft leſſe at home then abroad regarded, while things that ſeeme, are (commonly) more a farre off then at hand feared.

From

From Venice.

THat the most profitable Banke, is the true vse of a mans selfe, whiles such as grow mouldy in idlenesse, make their houses their tombes, and die before their death. That many dangerous spirits lye buried in their wants, which they had meanes to their mindes would dare as much as those that with their better fortunes ouertoppe them. That professed Curtezans, if they bee any way good, it is because they are openly bad. That frugalitie is the richest treasure of an estate, where men feede for hunger, cloth for cold and modesty, & spend for honour, chastitie and safetie.

From Germany.

THat the infectious vice of Drunken-good-fellowship, is like to sticke by that Nation as long as the multitude of Offenders so benums the sense offending, as that a common blot is held no staine. That discretions must bee taken by weight, not by tale: who doth otherwise, shall both proue his owne too light, and fall short of his reckoning. That feare and a nice fore-cast of

euery slight danger, seldome giues eyther faithfull or fruitfull counsell. That the Empyre of *Germany*, is not more great then that ouer a mans selfe.

From the Low Countries.

THat one of the surest grounds of a mans libertie is, not to giue another power ouer it: that the most dangerous plunge whereto to put thine enemie, is desperation, while forcing him to set light by his owne life, thou makest him master of thine. That neglected danger lights soonest & heauiest. That they are wisest, who in the likelyhood of good, prouide for ill. That since pitie dwels at the next doore to misery, he liueth most at ease that is neighboured with enuy. That the euill fortune of the warres, as well as the good is variable.

Newes from my Lodging.

THat the best prospect is to look inward. That it is quieter sleeping in a good cōscience then a whole skin. That a soule in a fat bodie lies soft, and is loth to rise. That he must rise betimes who would cozen the deuill.

ſill. That *flattery* is increaſed from a pillow vnder the elbow, to a bed vnder the whole body. That *Policie* is the vnſleeping night of reaſon. That he who ſleepes in the cradle of ſecuritie, ſinnes ſoundly without ſtarting. That guilt is the flea of the conſcience. That no man is throughly awaked, but by affliction. That a hang'd chamber in priuate, is nothing ſo conuenient as a hang'd traytour in publike. That the religion of *Papiſtry*, is like a curtaine, made to keepe out the light. That the life of moſt women is walking in their ſleepe, & they talke their dreames. That Chambering is counted a ciuiller qualitie, then playing at tables in the Hall, though Seruing-men vſe both. That the beſt bedfellow for all times in the yeare, is a good bed without a fellow. That he who tumbles in a calme bed, hath his tempeſt within. That he who will riſe, muſt firſt lye downe and take humilitie in his way. That ſleepe is deaths picture drawne to life, or the twilight of life and death. That in ſleepe wee kindely ſhake death by the hand; but when we are awaked, we will not know him. That often ſleepings are ſo many trials to die, that at laſt we may

doe it perfectly. That few dare write the true newes of their Chamber: and that I haue none secret enough to tempt a strangers curiositie, or a seruants discouery.

God giue you good morrow. B.R.

Newes of my morning Worke.

THat to bee good, the way is to bee most alone, or the best accompanied. That the way to heauen is mistaken for the most Melancholy-walke. That the most feare the worlds opinion, more then Gods displeasure. That a Court-friend seldome goes further then the first degree of Charity. That the Deuill is the perfect Courtier. That innocencie was first cozen to man, now guiltinesse hath the neerest Alliance. That sleepe is deaths Leger-ambassador. That time can neuer be spent: we passe by it and cannot returne. That none can bee sure of more time then an instant. That sinne makes worke for repentance or the deuill. That patience hath more power then afflictions. That euerie ones memory is diuided into two parts: the part losing all is the Sea, the keeping part is Land. That honestie in the Court liues in per-

perſecution, like Proteſtants in Spaine. That predeſtination and conſtancie are alike vncertaine to be iudged of. That reaſon makes loue the Seruing-man. That vertues fauour is better then a Kings fauourite. That being ſicke begins a ſuite to God, being well, poſſeſſeth it. That health is the coach which carries to Heauen, ſickneſſe the poſt-horſe. That worldly delights to one in extreme ſickneſſe, is like a high candle to a blinde man. That abſence doth ſharpē loue, preſence ſtrengthēs it; that the one brings fuel, the other blowes it till it burnes cleere: that loue often breaks friendſhip, that euer increaſeth loue. That conſtancie of women, and loue in men, is a like rare. That Art is truths Iuggler. That falſhood playes a larger part in the world then truth. That blind zeale & lame knowledge are a like apt to ill. That fortune is hūbleſt where moſt contemned. That no Porter but reſolution keeps feare out of minds. That the face of goodneſſe without a body is the worſt wickedneſſe. That womens fortunes aſpire but by others powers. That a man with a female wit is the worſt *Hermaphrodite*. That a man not worthy being a friend,

friend, wrongs himselfe by being in acquaintance. That the worst part of ignorance, is making good and ill seeme alike. That all this is newes onely to fooles. Mist. B.

Newes from the lower end of the Table.

IT is said among the folke here, that if a man die in his infancie, hee hath onely broke his fast in this world: if in his youth, he hath left vs at dinner. That it is bed-time with a man at threescore and ten: and hee that liues to a hundred yeares, hath walked a mile after supper. That the humble minded man makes the lowest courtesie. That grace before meate, is our election before we were: grace after meate our saluation when we are gone. The soule that halts betweene two opinions, fals betweene two stooles. That a foole at the vpper end of the table, is the bread before the salt. Hee that hates to be reproued, sits in his owne light. Hunger is the cheapest sawce, & nature the cheapest guest. The sensible man and the silent woman are the best discoursers. Repentance without amendement, is but the shifting of a foule trencher. He that tels a lie to saue

ſaue his credit, wipes his mouth with his ſleeue to ſpare his napkin. The tongue of a Ieſter is the fiddle that the hearts of the cõpany dance to. The tongue of a foole carues a peece of his heart to euery man that ſits next him. A ſilent man is a couered meſſe. The contented man onely is his owne caruer. Hee that hath many friends eates too much ſalt with his meat. That wit without diſcretion cuts other men meate and his owne fingers. That the ſoule of a chollerick man ſits euer by the fireſide. That patience is the lard of the leane meate of aduerſitie The Epicure puts his money into his belly, and the Miſer his belly into his purſe. That the beſt company makes the vpper end of the table, and not the ſalt-celler. The ſuperfluity of a mans poſſeſſions, is the broken meate that ſhould remaine to the poore. That the enuious keeps his knife in his hand, & ſwallowes his meat whole. A rich foole amongſt the wiſe is the a guilt empty bowle amongſt the thirſtie. Ignorance is an inſenſible hunger. The water of life is the beſt wine. Hee that robs me of my inuention, bids himſelfe welcome to another mans table, and I will

bid

bid him welcome when he is gone. That vain glorious man piſſeth more then he drinkes. That no man can drinke an health out of the cup of bleſsing. To ſurfet vpon wit, is more dangerous then to want it. Hee that's ouercome of any paſſion is drunke. 'Tis eaſier to fill the belly of faith then the eye of reaſon. The rich glutton is better fed then taught. That faith is the elbow for an heauy ſoule to leane on. He that ſins that he may repent, ſurfets that hee may take phyſicke. Hee that riſes without thankeſgiuing, goes away and owes for his ordinary. Hee that begins to repent when hee is old, neuer waſhed his hands till night. That this life is but one day of three meales, or one meale of three courſes: child-hood, youth, and olde age. That to ſuppe well, is to liue well: and that's the way to ſleepe well. That no man goes to bed till he dies, nor wakes till hee be dead. And therefore Good night to you here, and good morrow hereafter. *I.C.*

Newes from the Church.

It was thought heere, that the world was made for man, & not man for the world, and

and therefore they take a crosse course that lye downe there. That those that will not rise, their soules must, and carry their bodies to iudgement. That we haue spent one inheritance already, & are prodigall of this. That there is no hope beyond mercie, and that this is the time; and the next is of Iustice. That Christ when he went away, left good seede in his Church; and when hee comes againe, hee shall finde Christians, but not faith. That the Deuill hath got vpon vs, the same way that he did at the first, by drawing shadowes ouer substances, as hee did the body ouer the soule. That *Protestants* weare the name of Christ for a Charme, as *Papists* doe the Crosse. That States vse it, the Cleargie liue by it, the People follow it, more by a streame, then one by one. That all are religious rather then some. That euerie one lookes to another, but not to himselfe. That they goe so by throngs to Heauen, that it is to be feared they take the broader way. That the Church is in the world, like a ship in the Sea; the elect in the Church, like *Ionas* amongst the Mariners. That to mend this, is to cheate the Deuill, to turne man the

right

right ſide outward, and ſet the ſoule foremoſt againe. That the ſoule may bee too ranke too, if wee looke not to it: and ſo a *Puritan* oftentimes meetes a *Papiſt* in ſuperſtition another way. That to binde from & to indifferent things, is equall, though it be thought otherwiſe. That ſome, out of a good meaning, haue fallen this way into a vice. That theſe faults are more ſubtill; and therefore leſſe perceiued, and leſſe to bee blamed; but as dangerous as other, if they take head. That the rule is in all things the body and the ſoule muſt goe together, but the better before. That we haue contended ſo long about the body of Religion, that ſome men thought it was dead. That ſo *Atheiſts* are come into the Church, that it will bee as hard to caſt them out as Deuils. That thoſe which haue thus broken the peace of *Ieruſalem*, as obliged to ſatisfaction; and thoſe which firſt gaue them cauſe of amendment. That they are a good medicine one for another, and both a good Compoſition. That a pure *Biſhop* is the beſt gouernment, if the pride on both ſides would let them know it. That all Controuerſies for the moſt part,

leaue

leaue the truth in the middle, & are factious at both ends. That the Church hath this good by them, they cleanse the way for others, but not for themselues. That sincerity, in the cause of truth, is more worth then learning. That too much, and too little knowledge, haue made the world mad, That we haue a shorter cut to it; and a surer way then *Drake* had ouer the world, if wee could finde it out. That euery man is a briefe of the whole; and as hee is so, hee is greater then a King. That euery King is a briefe of his Land, and hee hath a *Patterne* of the gouernement of it alwayes about him. That as the honour that he giues vnto his nobles and Counsellours is a charge; so is that which God giues him. That as he requires an account, so he must giue. That he is the Image of God in his kingdome as man is in the world. That therefore the Subiects owe him obedience, as the Creatures doe Man. That those that will not obey, are neyther good subiects, nor good men. That to obey well is as great a thing as to gouerne, and more mens duties. That those that thinke no so, know not the Christians part, which

is to ſuffer. That though States be naught, if they profeſſe Religion, they may deliuer many men ſafe to Heauen, though they goe not themſelues, and ſo they are like bad Miniſters. That this is Gods vſe of both, and of the world too, to conuey his elect to their place. That the outward face of the Church hath but the ſame vſe, and the Elect are the Church themſelues. That they are the Temple of the Holy Ghoſt, and therefore ought to plucke downe their Idols, and ſet vp God there. That the Idols of theſe times, are Couetouſneſſe, Pride, Gluttony, wantonneſſe, Hereſies, and ſuch like admiration and ſeruing of our ſelues. That wee muſt make all time an occaſion of amendement, becauſe the Deuill makes it an occaſion to tempt. That he is a Spirit, & therefore is cunninger then we. That there is no way to reſiſt him, but by the Spirit of God, which is his Maſter. That this is the gift of God, which hee giueth to all that are his. That it is encreaſed by the word. And held by humility and prayer. That Faith is the effect of it, and workes the aſſurance. That thus the vnderſtanding and will, which is the whole ſoule

of

of man, is made vp againe, and ſanctifies the boby. That ſo we are the members of Chriſt. That our Head is in Heauen, as a pawne, that where he is, we ſhall bee. That there is no opinion but knowledge; for it is the Science of ſoules and God the teacher.

Newes from the Bed.

THat the Bed is the beſt Rendevou of mankinde, and the moſt neceſſary ornament of a Chamber. That Souldiers are good Antiquaries in keeping the old faſhion, for the firſt bed was the bare ground. That a mans pillow is his beſt Counſeller. That *Adam* lay in ſtate, when the Heauen was his Canopie That the naked truth is, *Adam* and *Eue* lay without ſheetes. That they were eyther very innocent, very ignorant, or very impudent, they were not aſhamed the heauens ſhould ſee them lye without a Couerlet. That it is likely *Eue* ſtudied Aſtronomy, which makes the poſteritie of her Sexe euer ſince to lye on their backes. That the circumference of the bed is nothing ſo wide as the conuex of the heauens,

yet

yet it containes a whole world. That the fiue Senſes are the greateſt ſleepers. That a ſlothfull man is but a reaſonable Dormouſe. That the Soule euer awakes to watch the body. That a iealous man ſleepes dog-ſleepe. That ſleepe makes no difference betweene a wiſe man and a foole That for all times ſleepe is the beſt bedfellow. That the Deuill and miſchiefe euer wake. That loue is a dreame. That the prepoſterous hopes of ambitious men are like pleaſing dreames, fartheſt off whē awake. That the bed payes *Venus* more cuſtome then all the world beſide. That if dreames and wiſhes had beene all true, there had not beene ſince Popery, one Mayde to make a Nun of. That the ſecure man ſleepes ſoundly, and is hardly to bee awak't. That the charitable man dreames of building Churches, but ſtarts to thinke the vngodlier Courtier will pull them downe againe. That ſleepers were neuer dangerous in a State. There is a naturall reaſon, why popiſh Prieſts chuſe the bed to confeſſe their women vpon, for they hold it neceſſary, that humiliation ſhould follow ſhrift. That if the bed ſhould ſpeake all it knowes, it would put

many

many to the bluſh. That it is fit the bed ſhould know more then paper. *R. S.*

Newes from Ship-boord.

THat repentance without amendment, is like continuall pumping, without mending the leake. That hee that liues without Religion, ſayles without a Compaſſe. That the wantonneſſe of a peacefull Commonwealth, is like the playing of the Porpeſſe before a ſtorme. That the foole is ſea-ſicke in a Calme, but the wiſemans ſtomacke endures all weathers. That paſſions in a foole are ordinance broken looſe in a ſtorme, that alter their propertie of offending others and ruine himſelfe. That good fortunes are ſoft quickſand, aduerſitie a rocke, both equally dangerous. That vertue is in pouerty a ready rigg'd Ship, that lyes wind-bound. That good faſhion in a man is like the Pilot in a Ship, that doth moſt with leaſt force. That a Fooles tongue is like the buye of an Anchor, you ſhall finde his heart by it whereſoeuer it lyes. Wiſedome makes vſe of the croſſes of this world, as a skilfull Pylot of Rockes for ſea-markes to ſayle by. *H.R.*

Newes from the Chimney Corner.

THat wit is Brushwood, Iudgement timber: the one giues the greateſt flame, the other yeeldes the durableſt heat, and both meeting makes the beſt fire. That Bawdes and Atturneys are Andyrons that hold vp their Clyents till they burne each other to aſhes: they receiue warmth by theſe; theſe by them their deſtruction.

That a wiſe rich-man is like the backe or ſtock of the chimney, & his wealth the fire, hee receiues it not for his own neede, but to reflect the heat to others good. That houſe-keeping in England is falne from a great fire in a hot Summers day, to boughes in the Chimney all winter long. That mans reaſon in matter of Faith is fire, in the firſt degree of his aſcent flame, next ſmoake, and then nothing. A young fellow falne in loue with a whore, is ſaid to bee falne aſleepe in the Chimney corner. Hee that leaues his friend for his wench, forſakes his bed to ſit vp and watch a coale. That the couetous rich man onely freezes before the fire. That choller is an ill gueſt, that piſſes in the chimney for want of a chamber-pot. That chaſte

Beauty

Beauty is like the bellowes, whose breath is cold, yet makes others burne. That hee that expounds the Scriptures vpon the warrant of his owne spirit onely, layes the brandes together without tongs, and is sure (at least) to burne his owne fingers. That the Louer keepes a great fire in's house all the yeare long. That deuotion, like fire in frostie weather, burnes hottest in affliction. That such Fryers as flie the world for the trouble of it, lye in bed all day in Winter to spare fire-wood. That a couetous man is a Dogge in a wheele, that toyles to roast meat for other mens eating. The Pagans worshipping the Sunne, are said to hold their hands to the Glo-worme in stead of a coale for heat. That a wise mans heart is like a broad hearth that keepes the coales (his passions from burning the house. That good deedes in this life, are coales raked vp in embers, to make a fire next day.

Paradoxes, as they were ſpoken in a *Maske, and preſented before his Maieſtie at* White-Hall.

Maſculine.

1 *HE cānot be a cuckold that weares a Gregorian.* — *For a Perriwig cannot fit ſuch a head.*

2 *A Knight of the long Robe is more honorable then a knight made in the field.* — *For Furres are decenter then Spurs.*

3 *A drunkard is a good Philoſopher.* — *for he thinks aright: the world goes rōnd.*

4 *The deuill cannot take Tobacco through his Noſe.* — *For Saint Dunſton ſeard vp that with his tongs.*

5 *A ſhomaker is the fitteſt man in the pariſh to make a Conſtable.* — *For he* (virtute officij) *may put a man into the ſtockes and eaſe him at laſt.*

6 *A priſoner is the beſt Fencer.* — *For he euer lyes at a cloſe ward.*

7 *An elder brother* — *For hee hath wherewithall to purchaſe*

may be a wise man. } } experience at any rate.

8 Burgomasters ought not to weare furre gownes at midsumer. } For they may so bring in the sweating sickenesse.

9 A cutpurse is the surest trade. } For his worke is no sooner done, but his mony is in his hand.

Feminine.

10 It is better to marry a widdow then a mayde. } For Causa patet.

11 Downright language is the best to win a woman. } For plaine dealing is a Iewell, and there is no Lady but desires to haue her.

12 If a woman with childe long to lye with another man, her husband must consent. } For if he will not she will doe it without him.

13 A painted Ladie best fits a Captaine. } For so both may fight vnder their colours.

14 Rich widdowes were ordained for yonger brothers. } For they being borne to no lads must plow in another mās soile.

15 *T'is dangerous to marry a widdow.* — *For she hath cast her Rider.*

16 *It is good for a young Popish wench to marry an old man.* — *For she shall bee sure to keepe all fasting nights.*

17 *A dangerous secret is safely kept in a womans bosome.* — *For no wise man will search for it there.*

18 *A woman of learning & tongues is an admirable creature.* — *For a starling that can speake is a present for an Emperor*

19 *A great Ladie should not weare her owne haire.* — *For that is too meane, as a coate of her owne spinning.*

20 *A faire womans Necke should stand awry.* — *For so she lookes as if look't for a kisse.*

21 *Women loue fish better then flesh.* — *For they will haue place whatsoeuer they pay for it.*

Newter.

22 *An vsurer is the best Christian.* — *For* Quantum nummorum in arca, tantum habet, & fidei.

23 *The beſt bodies ſhould weare the meaneſt habits.* — *For painted-cloths were made to hide bare walles.*

24 *It is better to be a begger then to be a Merchant.* — *For all the world lies open to his trafficke, and yet hee payes no cuſtome.*

25 *Tis more ſafe to bee drunke with Hop, then with the Grape.* — *For a man ſhould bee more inward with his countreyman thē with a ſtranger.*

26 *A man deepe in debt ſhould be as deepe in drinke.* — *For Bacchus cancels all manner of obligations.*

27 *Players houſes are more neceſſary in a well gouern'd Commō-wealth, then ſchooles.* — *For men are better taught by example then precept.*

28 *Tauernes are more requiſite in a Countrey then Academyes.* — *For it is better that the multitude were louing then learned.*

29 *A Tobacco ſhop and a bawdy houſe are Com-incidents.* — *For ſmoake is not without fire.*

30 *Wealth is better then wit.* — *For few Poets haue had the fortune to be choſen Aldermen.*

31 *Marriage frees a man from care.* — *For then his wife takes all vpon her.*

32 *A Kennell of hounds is the beſt conſort.* — *For they neede no tuning from morning to night.*

33 *The court makes better ſchollers then the Vniuerſities.* — *For when the King vouchſafes to bee a* Teacher, *euery man bluſhes to bee a* non Proficient.

34 *A nimble Page is more vſefull for a Lady then a long gentleman vſher.* — *For a Sparrow is more actiue then a bald Buzzard.*

35 *Tis better to bee a Coward then a Captaine.* — *For a Gooſe lines longer then a Cocke of the Game.*

The Mountebankes Receipts.

An approued Receipt against Melancholy Feminine.

IF any Lady bee ſicke of the Sullens, ſhee knowes not where, let her take a handfull of ſimples, I know not what, and vſe them I know not how, applying them to the place grieued, I know not which, and ſhe ſhall be cured I know not when.

Againſt the Scuruy.

IF any ſcholler be troubled with an itch or breaking out, which in time may proue ſcuruy; let him firſt forbeare clawing and fretting meates, and then purge choller, but by any meanes vpwards.

For reſtoring Gentlemen-vſhers Legs.

IF any Gentleman-vſher haue the Conſumption in his Legs, let him feede luſti-

ly

ly vpon Veale, two Moneths in the ſpring-time, and forbeare all manner of Mutton, and he ſhall increaſe in the Calfe.

For the Tentigo.

IF any be troubled with the *Tentigo*, let him trauell to *Iapan*, or becauſe the Forreſt of *Turnbolia* is of the ſame altitude & eleuation of the Pole, and at hand, let him hunt there for his recreation, and it ſhall be done in an inſtant.

For a Felon.

IF any bee troubled with a *Felon* on his finger, whereby hee hath loſt the lawfull vſe of his hand; let him but once vſe the exerciſe of ſwinging, & ſtretch himſelfe vpon the ſoueraigne tree of *Tiburnia*, and it will preſently kill the Felon.

For a Tympanie.

IF a Virgin be ſo ſicke of *Cupid*, that the diſeaſe is growne to a *Tympanie*, let her with all ſpeede poſſible remoue her ſelfe, changing Ayre for forty weekes at leaſt, keeping

keeping a ſpare diet as ſhee trauels, alwayes after vſing lawfull exerciſes, till ſhe bee married, and then ſhe is paſt danger.

For Barrenneſſe.

IF any Lady be maried, yet childeleſſe, let her firſt deſire to be a mother, and eate to her breakefaſt a new layd Egge in a ſpoonefull of Goats-milke, with a ſcruple of Amber-greece, and at ſupper feede on a *Henne*, troden but by one *Cocke*; & aboue all things let her auoyd hurrying in *Coaches*, eſpecially on the ſtones; and aſſuming a finer mold, then Nature meant her, and no doubt ſhee ſhall fructifie.

For the falling ſickeneſſe.

IF any woman be troubled with the falling ſickeneſſe, let her firſt forbeare Phyſicke, eſpecially Suppoſitories, and Gliſters: neyther let her trauell Weſtward-Ho, becauſe ſhee muſt auoyde the *Ile* of *Man*. And for that it is an euill Spirit entred into her, let her for a Charme, haue alwayes her legs a a croſſe, when ſhee is not walking, and this will helpe her.

Newes.

For a Rupture.

IF any Merchant be troubled with a Rupture in the bowels of his Eſtate, ſo that he cannot goe abroad, let him decoct Gold from a Pound to a Noble; taking the broth therof from ſixe Moneths to ſixe Moneths, and he ſhall be as able a man as euer he was.

The Mountebankes Song.

IS any deafe? Is any blinde?
Is any bound, or looſe behinde?
Is any foule, that would be faire?
Would any Lady change her haire?
Do's any dreame? do's any walke?
Or in his ſleepe affrighted talke?
I come to cure what ere you feele,
Within, without, from head to heele.

Be drummes or Rattles in thy head?
Are not thy braines well tempered?
Do's Eolus thy ſtomacke gnaw?
Or breede there vermine in thy maw?
Doeſt thou deſire and canſt not pleaſe?
Loe here the beſt Cantharides.
I come to cure what ere you feele,
Within without, from head to heele.

Euen

Euen all diſeaſes that ariſe,
From ill diſpoſed crudities;
From too much ſtudy, too much paine,
From lazineſſe, and from a ſtraine;
From any humour doing harme,
Be it dry, or moyſt, or cold, or warme.
Then come to me, what ere, &c.

Of lazie Gout, I cure the rich,
I rid the beggar of the itch,
I fleame auoyde both thicke and thinne,
I diſlocated ioynts put in,
I can old age to youth reſtore,
And doe a thouſand wonders more.
Then come to me, &c.

The ſecond Song.

MAydes of the Chamber or of the kitchin,
If you be troubled with an itchin,
Come giue me but a kiſſe or two,
And here is that ſhall ſoone cure you.
Nor Galen *nor* Hippocrates,
Did euer doe ſuch cures as theſe.

Crackt Maydes that cannot hold your water,
Or vſe to breake winde in your laughter;

Or be you vext with Kibes, with Cornes,
Ile cure, or Cuckolds of their hornes.
Nor Galen *nor, &c.*

If lusty Sis, *Mayde of the Dairy,*
Chance to be blew nipt by the Fairy;
For making butter with her tayle,
Ile giue her that did neuer fayle.
Nor Galen *nor, &c.*

Or if some mischance betide her,
Or that the Night-mare ouer-ride her,
Or if shee tell all in a Dreame,
Ile helpe her for a messe of Creame.
Nor Galen *nor, &c.*

The third Song.

HEer's water to quench Mayden fires:
Heer's spirits for old occupiers,
Heer's powder to preserue youth long,
Heer's oyle to make weake sinewes strong.
What is't you lack, what would you buy?
What is it that you neede?
Come to me (Gallants) tast and trie,
Heer's that will doe, will doe the deed.

This

This powder doth preſerue from fate,
This cureth the Maleficiate;
Loſt mayden-heads, this doth reſtore,
And makes them virgins as before.
What is't you lacke, &c.
Heer's cure for bone-ach, feuor lurdens,
Vnlawfull or vntimely Burdens,
Diſeaſes of all ſex, all Ages
This medicine cureth or aſſwages.
What is't you lacke, &c.

I haue receipts to cure the Gout,
To keepe Poxe in or put them out,
To coole hot bluods, cold blouds to warme,
Shall doe you (if no good) no harme.
What is't you lacke, &c.

FINIS.